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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Destination of Man. By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.
Translated from the German, by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT.
London, 1846. Chapman, Brothers.

THE life of FICHTE, and an outline of his philosophy, or at least of one branch of it, have been already introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC. To the "Catholic Series" of Messrs. CHAPMAN are we now indebted for another of his most famous productions.

But we cannot promise any thing like such an analysis of *The Destination of Man* as we were enabled to give of the essay "On the Nature of the Scholar;" and for this reason, that it is less of a continuous argument. It will be impossible, therefore, to invite the reader to trace, step by step, the development of a philosophy. All we can hope to accomplish will be to indicate the general tendency of the author's views, and gather some of the passages that contain the most original remarks or the most eloquent utterances of thought.

The question which it is the professed purpose of the book to resolve is thus stated:—"What, then, am I; and what is the aim and end of my being?" Hitherto, says the philosopher, I have relied wholly on the care and fidelity of others. "Whatever of truth they really possess, they can have attained by no other means than by their own meditations; and why may not I, by the same means, attain the same ends? How much have I undervalued and degraded myself!"

The author resolves no longer to leave his mind in leading-strings, but to think for himself, imagine for himself, and resolve for himself.

Looking about him, he sees all nature pervaded by an impulse—a force, which it does not produce, and cannot regulate; in plain terms, governed by laws, irresistible and unvarying—every part so connected with every other part, that whatever affects one affects all.

In every moment of her duration, Nature is one connected whole; in every moment must every individual part be what it is, because all others are what they are, and a single grain of sand could not be moved from its place without, however imperceptibly to us, changing something throughout all parts of the immeasurable whole. Every moment of duration is determined by all past moments, and will determine all future moments; and even the position of a grain of sand cannot be conceived other than it is, without supposing other changes, to an indefinite extent. Let us imagine, for instance, this grain of sand lying some few feet further inland than it actually does; then must the storm-wind that drove it in from the sea-shore have been stronger than it actually was; then must the preceding state of the atmosphere, by which this wind was occasioned, and its degree of strength determined, have been different from what it

actually was, and the previous changes which gave rise to this particular weather—and so on. We must suppose a different temperature from that which really existed,—a different constitution of the bodies which influenced this temperature: the fertility or barrenness of countries,—the duration of the life of man—depend, unquestionably, in a great degree, upon temperature. How can we know, since it is not given us to penetrate the arcanæ of Nature, and it is therefore allowable to speak of possibilities;—how can we know, that in such a state of the weather as we have been supposing, in order to carry this grain of sand a few yards further, some ancestor of yours might not have perished from hunger, or cold, or heat, long before the birth of that son from whom you are descended, and thus you might never have been at all; and all that you have ever done, and all that you ever hope to do in this world, must have been hindered, in order that a grain of sand might lie in a different place?

Nor is man exempt from these laws. Every man is but a link in this chain of rigid natural necessity; he came without an effort of his own will; he will cease to exist against his will; it was impossible that instead of him another should have arisen; it is impossible that at any moment of his existence he should be other than what he is.

Thought is no more under the power of the will than being. The mind exercises its functions without asking permission. Man is not master of the motive. "I am not what I am, because I think so, or will so, nor do I think and will because I am, but I am, and I think, both absolutely."

The man is, then, what his connection with the whole of nature makes him.

But withal do we feel an inward consciousness of independence, of having, on many occasions in life, exerted a free agency.

Now, can this seeming contradiction be explained? As thus:—

Consciousness cannot go beyond itself: nature has assigned its limits; within those limits it acts according to its original natural powers, and, finding no opposition within that range, fancies itself free. An illustration will make this plain.

Bestow consciousness on a tree, and let it freely grow and spread out its branches, and bring forth leaves and buds, and blossoms and fruits, after its kind. It will be aware of no limits to its existence in being only a tree, and a tree of a certain species, and an individual of that species; it will feel itself free, because, in all those manifestations, it will act according to its nature; it can will nothing more than what that nature requires.

But let unfavourable weather, insufficient nourishment, or other causes, hinder its growth, and it will feel itself confined, restrained, because an impulse of its nature cannot be satisfied. Bind its free waving branches to a wall, force foreign branches on it by grafting, and it will feel itself constrained; it will grow, but in a direction different from that of its own nature; it will produce fruit, but not such as it would, of itself, have brought forth. In my immediate consciousness, I appear to myself as free; by meditation on the whole of Nature, I discover

that freedom is impossible; the former must be subordinate to the latter, for it is only to be explained through it.

What, then, is the meaning of that phenomenon of our consciousness called the *will*?

Will is the immediate consciousness of the activity of the inward powers of our nature. The immediate consciousness of an effort, an aspiration of these powers which is not yet activity, because restrained by opposing forces—this is inclination or desire; the struggle of contending forces is irresolution; the victory of one is the resolution of the will.

Should the force, striving after activity, be one that we have in common with the plant or the animal, there arises a discord and degradation of our inward being, the desire is not suitable to our rank in the order of things, and according to a common expression, may be called a low one. Should it comprehend our whole undivided humanity, it is suitable to our nature, and may be called a moral law. The activity of this latter is a virtuous will, and the actions resulting from it are virtue.

Whichever of these forces should obtain the victory, obtains it of necessity; its superiority is determined by the whole connection of the universe.

Such is the argument of necessity—such the conclusion; sad enough if it cannot be reconciled with man's proudest hopes and noblest destinies. The question arises now, whether there be any elements of truth not received into the calculation, or any fallacies lurking there that have escaped notice. Yes; there is something more than we have yet seen. So far we have only annihilated error, we have yet to find the truth; we have learned *not* to know, we have yet to learn *to know*.

Faith is the spirit that will conduct the inquirer. And what is faith?

It is that voluntary reposing on the views naturally presenting themselves to us, because through these views only we can fulfil our destiny, which approves of knowledge, and raises to certainty and conviction that which, without it, might be mere delusion. It is no knowledge, but a resolution of the will to admit this knowledge. This is no mere verbal distinction, but a true and deep one, pregnant with the most important consequences for my whole character. Let me for ever hold fast by it. All my conviction is but faith, and it proceeds from the heart, and not from the understanding. Knowing this, I will enter into no dispute, for I foresee that in this way nothing can be gained. I will not suffer my conviction to be disturbed by it; for its source lies higher than all disputation.

The *I*, the immortal soul, is greater than space, and time, and knowledge. It comprehends the material universe, and contemplates it only in its relation to itself; and only by faith can it be assured that the aspect is the reality.

From such a position FICHTE proceeds to view the *Destiny of Man*, of which he entertains the brightest hopes. As time rolls on, men become more civilized everywhere, wars diminish, crimes of violence are less frequent.

No human creature ever loved evil for the sake of evil; but only the advantages and enjoyments he hoped from it; and which, in fact, in the present condition of humanity, do sometimes result from it. As long as this condition shall continue, as long as a premium shall be set on vice, no thorough reformation of mankind, as a whole, can ever be looked for. But in a social constitution, such as we have imagined, evil conduct will offer no advantages—nay, rather will be certainly prejudicial, and by the operation of self-love itself will the extravagancies of self-love in unjust actions be repressed.

Mark now the meaning and uses of *the will*. We cannot by our *will* mould any thing in the material world; we are subject to its laws, and must obey them. But the will is the link that binds us to the spirit world—to futurity—to immortality—it is the soul itself.

Our virtuous will only can it, must it be, by which we are destined to prepare for a future state, and for the objects there to be attained; and the consequences now invisible to us of our upright intentions will obtain for us a station there, whence we may proceed further on our course.

That our virtuous will, in and for itself, must have some consequences, we know already in this life; for our reason cannot command what is entirely fruitless. But what these consequences are, or how it is possible that a mere will can effect any thing at all, we know not, and as long as we are confined within the limits of this material world, we cannot know. With respect to the nature of these consequences, the present life, therefore, in relation to the future, is to be regarded as a life in *faith*.

Thus viewed, the present is the commencement of our existence; the future will be its continuation; and our station there we must earn for ourselves.

FICHTE thus sums up the sublime philosophy he has evoked in this treatise:—

This then is my true nature, my whole sublime destination. I am a member of two orders; of one purely spiritual, in which I rule merely by pure will, and of a sensuous one, in which my act alone avails. The whole aim of reason is its own activity, independent, unconditional, and having no need of any organ beyond itself. The will is the living principle of the rational soul, is indeed itself reason, when purely and simply apprehended. That reason is itself active, means, that the pure will, as such, rules and is effectual. The infinite reason alone lies immediately and entirely in the purely spiritual order. The finite being lives necessarily at the same time in a sensuous order; that is to say, in one which presents to him other objects than those of pure reason; a material object, to be advanced by instruments and powers, standing indeed under the immediate command of the will, but whose efficacy is conditional also on its own natural laws. Yet as certainly as reason is reason, must the will operate absolutely by itself, and independently of all the natural laws which determine the action, and therefore does the sensuous life of every finite being point towards a higher, into which the will itself shall lead him, and of which it shall procure him possession, a possession which indeed will be again sensually present as a state, and by no means as a mere will.

These two orders, the purely spiritual, and the sensuous, the latter consisting of an immeasurable succession of states, have existed in me from the first moment of the development of my active reason, and proceed parallel to each other. The latter producing phenomena cognisable by myself and by other beings similar to myself; the former alone bestowing on them significance, purpose, and value. I am immortal, imperishable, eternal, as soon as I form the resolution to obey the laws of eternal reason; I am not merely destined to become so. The transcendental world is no future world, it is now present; it can at no period of finite existence be more present than at another; not more after the lapse of myriads of ages than at this moment. My future sensuous existence may be liable to various modifications, but these are just as little true life, as those of the present. By that resolution of the will I lay hold on eternity, and rise high above all transitory states of existence. My will itself becomes for me a spring of eternal life, when it becomes a source of moral goodness. Without view to any further object, without inquiry as to whether my will may or may not have any result, it shall be brought into harmony with the moral law. My will shall stand alone, apart from all that is not itself, and be a world to itself, not merely as not proceeding from any thing gone before, but as not giving birth to any thing following, by which its efficacy might be brought under the operation of a foreign law. Did any second effect proceed from it, and from this again a third, in any conceivable sensuous world, opposed to that of spirit, its strength would be broken by the resistance it would encounter, the mode of its operation would no longer exactly correspond to the idea of volition, and the will would not remain free, but be limited by the peculiar laws of its heterogeneous sphere of action.

Thus indeed must I regard the will, in the present material world, the only one known to me. I am indeed compelled to believe, or to act as if I believed, that by my mere volition, my tongue, my hand, my foot, could be set in motion; but how an impulse of intelligence, a mere thought, can be the principle of motion to a heavy material mass, is not only not conceivable, but, to the mere understanding, an absurdity. To the understanding, the movements of matter can only be explained by the supposition of forces existing in matter itself.

Such a view of the will as I have taken can only be attained by the conviction that it is not merely the highest active principle for this world, as it might be without freedom, and as we imagine a productive force in Nature to be, but that it looks beyond all earthly objects, and includes its own ultimate object in itself. By this view of my will I am referred to a super-sensuous order of things, in which the will, without the assistance of any organ out of itself, becomes, in a purely spiritual sphere, accessible to it and similar to itself, an effective cause. The knowledge that a virtuous will is to be cherished for its own sake, is a fact intuitively perceived, not attainable by any other method. That the promotion of this virtuous will is according to reason, and the source of all that is truly reasonable, that it is not to be adjusted by any thing else, but that all else is to be adjusted by it, is a conviction which I have likewise attained by this inward method. From these two terms I arrive at a faith in an eternal super-sensuous world. Should I renounce the first, I abandon at the same time the latter.

If, as many say, assuming it without further proof as self-evident, as the highest point of human wisdom, that all human

virtue must have a certain definite external aim, and that we must be sure of the attainment of this end, before we can act virtuously; and that, consequently, reason by no means contains within itself the principle and the standard of its own activity, but must discover this standard by the contemplation of the external world,—then might the entire purpose of our existence be found below; our earthly destiny would be entirely explanatory and exhaustive of our human nature, and we should have no rational ground for raising our thoughts above the present life.

And this is his glorious conclusion:—

The sun rises and sets, and the stars vanish and return again, and all the spheres move in their harmonious circling dance, but they never return exactly what they were before, and in the bright springs of life itself is life and progress. Every hour which they lead on, every morning, and every evening, sinks with new increase upon the world; new life and new love descend like dew-drops from the clouds, and encircle nature as the cool night the earth. All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life; it is not death which kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form, and how could my death be other—mine—when I bear in myself not merely the form and semblance of life, but the only true original and essential life? It is not possible that nature could annihilate a life which has not its origin in nature; the nature which exists for me, and not I for her.

Yet even this my natural life, even this mere semblance clothing to mortal sight the inward invisible life, can she not destroy—she who exists for me, and exists not if I am not? My present life disappears only before the higher life developing itself from within; and what mortals call death, is the visible appearance of a second animation. Did no rational creature which had ever beheld the light of this world die, there would be no possible ground to anticipate a new heavens and a new earth; the only purpose of nature, to present and to maintain reason, would be fulfilled, and its span would have been complete. But the act by which she appears to destroy being free and independent of her, is to the eye of reason a solemn announcement of a transition beyond her sphere. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision ascends to new heavenly life.

To this imperfect outline of a spiritual philosophy, and these fine and truthful passages, it cannot be necessary to add a word by way of recommendation of the book that contains them to the careful perusal of all thoughtful readers.

HISTORY.

Mr. Mackinnon's History of Civilization.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE second volume of Mr. MACKINNON'S history opens with a review of the rise and progress of civilisation in France, from the earliest time to the reign of LOUIS XV. to which period he assigns the formation of the middle class, and consequently of public opinion. Unfortunately, coincident with this, the court and aristocracy indulged in the most unbounded license of profligacy, the most reckless extravagance, and the most wanton tyranny, and thus were sown the seeds of the revolution. The following remonstrance made to the sovereign gives a faithful picture of the state of France some centuries since:—

"Sire,—The people are oppressed, both by the men at arms, whom they contribute to support, and by the contractors, who have the right to levy taxes. Such are their sufferings that they are driven from their homes, and wander in the forests destitute of either food or shelter. The greater part of the husbandmen, having their farm horses seized, are under the necessity to make their wives and children drag the plough, and even this can only be done at night, otherwise they would be pillaged, if not imprisoned and murdered. During the day they and their families conceal themselves in the woods; others, driven to desperation, quit the country after destroying their wives and children, who were starving with hunger."

This is the picture of society under LOUIS XIII. as drawn by a native writer:—

"Shall I speak of the thefts and atrocities committed by the scholars; of the violence of the valets, that puts the entire town into confusion; of the rage for duelling; of the many murders committed by paid agents; of the number of gaming houses; of the licentious representations at the theatres; of the fevers and pestilential diseases, engendered by poverty, dirt, and a bad

police? Do not let us forget to crown the whole, the assassination of a beloved monarch,—a marshal of France murdered by his rival, who is rewarded for the murder with the baton of countenance; the mother and the brothers of Louis XIII. driven from Paris by order of the monarch, who was too weak not to be cruel."

The causes of the French revolution are then examined. The sagacity of Lord CHESTERFIELD discovered the coming tempest, as appears from this remarkable passage in one of his letters:—

"The affairs of France grow more serious, and in my opinion will grow more and more so every day. The king is despised, and has brought about to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. He hesitates between the church and the parliament, like the ass in the fable that starved between two hampers of hay. The people are poor; those who have religion are divided in their notions of it. The clergy never do forgive, much less will they forgive the parliament; the parliament never will forgive them. The army must, without doubt, take different parts in the dispute. Armies, though always the tools and supporters of absolute power, are always the destroyers of it too, by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the case of the praetorian bands, who deposed and murdered the monsters they had raised to oppress mankind. The Janissaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Russia, do the same. The French nation reasons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and of government; the officers do so too: in short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist, and daily increase in France."

France, according to Mr. MACKINNON, is considerably behind England in civilization; the Middle Class and Public Opinion being there of much more recent growth. But it is advancing with rapidity.

To ascertain with any precision the time when civilisation in France will be as powerful as in England, is not easy; but that such will be the ultimate result seems, from the daily increase of all the requisites for the formation of public opinion, which are extending themselves so rapidly through that kingdom, to be beyond any doubt.

The constitutional form of government, based on a national representative system, obtained by the revolution of 1830, has now been established a considerable time, and is likely, as wealth, trade, civilisation, and the middle classes increase, to continue for ages, and to advance also, by sound laws, the liberty of the people.

One, and, perhaps the only, danger to which the constitution now established in France is liable, arises from this, that the political education and moral principle of the French are not equal to the degree of liberty which they have obtained.

Analysing French society, it is important to ascertain how its various component parts are affected towards the present constitutional government of that country.

The upper clergy are decidedly hostile to the present state of things, and regret the subversion of the old dynasty. The lower clergy, "curés de paroisses," partake in these sentiments, but in a less degree. The old noblesse, deprived of their rank and of their privileges, which are abolished for ever, long for the old system under the former dynasty, and, like the high clergy, are inimical to the existing government. The present Chamber of Peers is, of course, for the present order of things. The great landholders are not inclined to favour the existing system. The large fundholders are in its favour. The middle class is heart and soul with the present constitution in France. The army, from its being chiefly officered by those of the middle classes, follows the sentiments of that class, and supports of course the king and constitution.

The legal profession and the literary world in Paris cannot be said to favour the existing order of affairs; and probably the present form of government has more to apprehend from them than from any other class by which it is opposed. Most of the persons of whom this portion of the community is formed, are men of an active mind, occasionally editors or writers in newspapers, and who, generally speaking, are discontented, under the impression that the station in life which they occupy is not commensurate to their talents or education. The persons in this situation in life are more to be feared by Louis-Philippe than the old legitimate party, having more energy, more talent, more knowledge of the state of parties and the sentiments of the lower class, than the old noblesse, secluded in the gloom of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The lower class, in general, in France as elsewhere, are guided by the class immediately above them, by whom they are

usually employed in the first instance, and to whom, having more immediate intercourse with them than with the other classes, they look up for advice.

The paupers in towns and in the country, having nothing to lose, would be careless regarding political events, and would support that party by whom they should be best relieved.

Thus it appears that the high clergy, the old noblesse, the legal and many literary men, are either indifferent to, or against, the established order of things in France; but that all the rest of the community, that is, by far the most influential, most powerful, most wealthy and intelligent portion, is entirely in favour of the Revolution of 1830.

Still Mr. MACKINNON is of opinion that the existing order of things is not free from danger, threatening from three quarters; first, from the possibility that moral principle may be deficient throughout the population in France; second, from an unjust or unnecessary war; third, from a state of profound peace.

The remark has already been made, that a civilised community must either have manufactures, an extended trade, domestic and foreign, be engaged in wars, or have popular commotions at home. The extension of trade and commerce in France is very great, and daily increasing; but it may scarcely keep pace with the increasing population, and satisfy the restlessness of the people. The colonisation of Algeria, and the occupation it gives to the French arms, is one of the surest pledges of the peace of Europe, as far as France is concerned.

In Spain, the elements of civilisation appear to have been entirely dormant until the discovery of America spread commerce, and its incident, wealth, produced a middle class; but the check given to that commerce had a corresponding effect in checking the growth of that class; and it is now only beginning by slow degrees to revive. In Portugal there has been more progress, and there is a more immediate prospect of the establishment of civilisation.

Information and facility of intercourse, two of the requisites for the formation of public opinion, are no doubt rapidly extending in Portugal. Newspapers, generally current; the establishment of steam-boats, now running at stated times; the improvements in the roads which are being made, all tend to shew that these requisites are extending in that country.

From the events which have taken place in Portugal since her occupation by foreign troops, it appears that a desire for a constitutional government has been manifested by the nation. Whatever changes in the form of the Legislature have occurred, were effected with much less violence, less contention and loss of life than in Spain. This can only be accounted for by the middle class in Portugal being more extensive in proportion to the lower class, than in the adjacent country. In former times, the *fidalguia* was all-powerful, and kept down the others in complete subjection. The Jesuits had vast influence; the grossest ignorance prevailed; the universities had sunk into decay, and the foreign possessions of Portugal were wrested by other nations in the general ignorance and depravity of the Portuguese population. In those days, no industry in the people was efficiently applied. Some few were occupied in producing silk, which was of little importance. We are informed that the upper class at this moment in Portugal, such as we have defined it, does not extend beyond a hundred persons—the middle class must, and will, obtain the entire power: how far moral principle may be deficient in the community, and may prevent the establishment of liberal institutions, is another question. At the present time, Portugal is rather advancing in civilisation; the arts and sciences are cultivated; the University of Coimbra is much frequented by students; a desire for improvement is manifested in the people, and individual activity is more prevalent.

The review of the Italian States is a melancholy one. There is no present hope of improvement, save under the despotism of Austria. The cause of their decline or fall is attributed, not to a want of energy or activity, but to "a deficiency in moral principle, which has induced a wretched state of ignorance and superstition, whence we believe they are now emerging."

The liberty enjoyed by the Swiss has been attributed by most historians to their love of independence, "as if," says Mr. MACKINNON, "one set of people are born with a greater desire of being free and happy than another, or that one nation is more, and another less, desirous to obtain security of person and property." The cause assigned by him is the fortunate escape of the people from feudal institutions, and the division of land and consequent early formation of a middle class.

The fate of the Italian republics and Hanse Towns is at-

tributed to their jealous and exclusive spirit of monopoly; their denial of the right of citizenship; their neglect of moral duties; their tyrannous treatment of dependents.

Of Russia it is remarked, that the upper class

is improving in education and information of every description; a middle class is rising into existence; facility of communication is improving. The trade of this empire, the condition of part of the people, and the advancement in moral principle, all tend to the same result.

Russia, therefore, like every other country in which the state of public opinion has been considered, seems to confirm the position, that a government is despotic in proportion as its population is inactive, ignorant, immoral and poor; and such a state is characterised by an upper class or aristocracy, and a miserable lower class. When a middle class is formed by the creation of capital, public opinion, fatal to despotism on the one hand, and ignorance on the other, becomes all-powerful.

Suppose any government were anxious to check the spirit of commerce, and the desire of improvement so common to mankind, and that steps were taken to prevent foreign or domestic communication, and the other requisites for the formation of public opinion; that alienation of property in the upper class was discouraged, and they were not permitted to dispose of their estates; even in such a case, it would be almost impossible to suppress the spirit of improvement, and the middle class. A despotic government is fond of obtaining wealth,—is sensible, in the present day, that money is the chief source of its power; it will, therefore, encourage all those who, by their activity, add to the riches of the state. In this respect the "auri sacra fames" gets the better of political consideration, or of love of absolute power.

In so vast a territory as Russia,—with very indifferent means for communication,—with so small an extent of sea coast when compared to the interior,—with even those means afforded by sea closed for part of the year, thereby rendering the intercourse with all other countries difficult for a time, it cannot be expected that the people will rapidly increase in civilisation.

Asia verifies the author's theory that no civilization can exist unless the elements he has traced in it be found in the community. Mr. MACKINNON's views of America appear to us somewhat crude and hasty.

The miscellaneous chapters are particularly interesting, especially that on "The Influence of Civilisation on Women." The concluding chapter glances at the prospects of the future, and treats of the importance of educating the poor, their sorrows and sufferings, the advantages arising from facility of communication, the friendly intercourse of nations, and the diminution of crimes and maladies. Some curious instances are narrated of the difficulties of travelling in former times.

Not earlier than the year 1638, Mary de Medicis, the queen-mother of France, visiting her daughter, Queen Henrietta, entered London in a litter carried by two mules. Mary, Queen of Scots, while under the surveillance of the Earl of Shrewsbury, appears to have travelled on horseback in her various journeys. That nobleman alludes in a letter to a fall the queen sustained from her horse, when travelling from Sheffield to Buxton.

In another letter from the same to his agent, T. Bawdewyn, is the following picture of a journey to London in 1582:—"I thinke my company wyl be 20 gentylmen and 20 yemen, besydes ther men and my horse kep^r. I thinke to sett forwards aboutt the 2d of Sept. from Wyngfeld to Lestar to my bedde, and so make but four days journey to London."

In the year 1640, the wife of Henry, last Earl of Cumberland, occupied eleven days going to London, and appears, from the state of the roads, to have ridden the whole way on horseback. "At this time (1609) the communication between the north and the universities was kept up by carriers, who pursued their route with whole trains of pack-horses. To their care were consigned the packages and persons of the scholars. It was through their medium that epistolary correspondence was managed: a letter could scarcely be exchanged between Yorkshire and Oxford in less time than a month."

In December, 1703, Charles, King of Spain, slept at Portsmouth, and the Prince of Denmark went to meet him. One of his attendants writes, "We set out at 6 o'clock in the morning, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coach (save only when overturned, or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas hard service for the prince to sit 14 hours in the coach that day without eating, and passing through the worst ways that I ever saw in my life: our coach would have suffered very often if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth."

Even at the risk of a little tediousness, we must cite the

eloquent and truthful observations with which Mr. MACKINNON closes his valuable volumes.

In the preceding pages it has been my humble but anxious endeavour to shew, that in proportion as those elements or requisites for civilisation mentioned in the early part of this work are disseminated throughout a community, nations are enabled, by the common accord and influence of public opinion, not only to establish institutions, and to frame laws that secure their lives, their property, and their freedom, but also to model and apply substances placed by Providence under their control in such a manner as to ameliorate their condition. What a difference between London as it now presents itself, and the few scattered huts dotted over its site in the days of the Heptarchy! With the elements of civilisation, improvements in the condition of the people have increased in a similar manner. What a change in the moral and physical condition of this country have eight centuries achieved! Man in the savage or barbarous state is little elevated above the brute creation; yet the moral principle, though dormant, is inherent in his nature. In such a state, the physical world of matter lies quiescent and unsought for, although within his reach. The former are brought out and expanded by the true principles of revealed religion, the pure source whence all morality flows; and the physical combinations of mechanical power by which the latter are moulded in his hands for his use and benefit, follow almost as a natural consequence. It appears, therefore, that man, under the influence of a pure religious sentiment, with the aid of his mental and physical powers brought into exertion, and well applied, rises (even in this world), into a superior state of existence.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of the English Poets, from Johnson down to Kirke White. By the late HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A. Translator of "Dante." 8vo. London, 1846. HENRY G. BOHN.

THIS series of lives of British poets appeared originally in the *London Magazine* between the years 1821 and 1824, and is now given for the first time to the public in a collected form, and with the author's name. It was intended as a continuation of the renowned "Lives" by Dr. JOHNSON, which, though his last literary effort—one, moreover, undertaken and executed when his body was enfeebled by disease, his mind clouded by doubts and disturbed by that remarkable horror of death which possessed him—for profundity and originality of thought, for critical and moral acumen, and for vigour and beauty of style, is unsurpassed (if, indeed, it is equalled) by any of the works he has bequeathed posterity.

It is, and has been of late years, the fashion to decry the merits of Dr. JOHNSON; to aver that he was vastly overrated; and that if he had lived in our times he never would have attained a position equal to that which his own age awarded him. We are not of those who conform submissively to the prevailing mode, or take upon trust opinions of such a nature. It is the misfortune of popular judgment on contemporaries to be ever in extremes; either greatly to undervalue or greatly to magnify their intellectual capacity. There is an equipoise in morals as in physics; and what we unjustly withhold from one candidate for fame, we as unreasonably add to another. No doubt "the great moralist" was hyper-estimated in his own days, and for years perhaps afterwards; but to suppose that a man of so gigantic and vigorous an intellect, such powers of reasoning, such copious and varied stores of erudition, such taste and feeling, such powers of sarcasm, and, lastly, so sound a judgment, would not have produced a marked effect on our literature, had he lived among us with our advantages, is to imagine an outrageous absurdity. So far, then, is the prevailing opinion at variance with common sense.

To take up the pen where it had been laid down by such a hand, and thus silently challenge a comparison with so able a precursor, required both courage and self-reliance on the part of our author. Happily, however, he has so performed his task, as not only to have acquitted himself of the charge of presumption in undertaking it, but to justify us in speaking in terms of high commendation, and in regretting that he did not carry down his work to a later day, so as to have included the luminaries of poetry who have lately set from us,—COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, LAMB, and KEATS. The most obvious characteristics of these "Lives" are methodical arrangement, succinctness, and certain proprieties of style.

Each memoir is a model as regards order, comprehensiveness, and elegance of composition. The author's diligence in discovering fresh material is less remarkable than the judgment he displays in selection from the stores accumulated and set forth by others; he gives us little, indeed, that is new, but he invariably takes what appears to us the right view of the events which betray the character of the individual of whom he writes, and which conflicting statements or opinions of former writers had clouded with uncertainty. Mr. CARY has certainly admitted some poets (so called) to his Pantheon who have small claim to the distinction, and whose names, scarcely yet remembered, will never reach posterity. Among these we may specify RICHARD JAGO, RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, and lastly (for we dare include him in this proscribed category) WILLIAM HAYLEY. All these were mere versifiers—the best of them, though he has aspired to the name of "poet," has no just pretensions to that distinction. To the "Swan of Earham," as HAYLEY (that exacting, selfish incubus on the painter ROMNEY) has satirically been called, our author has devoted some thirty-four pages, producing an elaborate but needless memoir. The lives of JOHNSON, SMOLLETT, JOSEPH WARTON, GOLDSMITH, BEATTIE, and KIRKE WHITE are admirably written; the narrative in these, especially, is clear and well-connected, the opinions are shrewd and sound, and every sentence is marked by point and elegance. On the whole, our author's summaries of the merits of each poet (though, in the instances above enumerated, he has admitted some names into his work which should not be there,) are marked by fairness, and most certainly to all the biographer has been less severely censorious than lenient and generous. As an illustration of his manner, though, in this instance, he is more cynical than is his wont, we extract Mr. CARY'S

OPINION OF BEATTIE.

The few of his poems which he thought worthy of being selected from the rest, and of being delivered to posterity, have many readers, to whom perhaps one recommendation of them is that they are few. They have, however, and deservedly, some admirers of a better stamp. They soothe the mind with indistinct conceptions of something better than is met with in ordinary life. The first book of the "Minstrel," the most considerable amongst them, describes with much fervour the enthusiasm of a boy "smit with the love of song," and awakened to a sense of rapture by all that is most grand or lovely in the external appearances of nature. It is evident that the poet had felt much of what he describes, and he therefore makes his hearers feel it. Yet at times, it must be owned, he seems as if he were lashing himself into a state of artificial emotion, as in the following lines:

Oh! Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
Oh! for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due.

We hear, indeed, too often of "nature's charms."

Even here he cannot let the metaphysicians rest. They are, in his mind, the grievance that is most to be complained of in this "vale of tears."

There was one other thing that Beattie detested nearly as much as "metaphysic lore." It was the crowing of a cock. This antipathy he contrived to express in the "Minstrel," and the reader is startled by the expression of it, as by something out of its place.

Of the stanza beginning, "O, how canst thou renounce," Gray told him that it was, of all others, his favourite; that it was true poetry; that it was inspiration; and, if I am not mistaken, it is related of Bishop Porteus, that when he was once with Beattie, looking down on a magnificent country that lay in prospect before them, he broke out with much delight into the repetition of it. Gray objected to one word, *garniture*, "as suggesting an idea of dress, and what was worse, of French dress;" and the author tried, but tried in vain, to substitute another. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find a better for the place in which it stands. There is no ground of censure which a writer should admit with more caution, than that a particular word or phrase happens to suggest a ludicrous or unsuitable image to the mind of another person. Few, probably, would have thought of French dress on this occasion: and to some, a passage in our translation of the Bible might have occurred, where it is said, that "the Lord garnished the heavens." Another of Gray's criticisms fell on the word "infuriate," as being a new one, although, as Sir William Forbes remarks, it is found not only in "Thomson's Seasons," but in the "Paradise Lost."

The second book of the "Minstrel" is not so pleasant as it is good. The stripling wanders to the habitation of a hermit, who has a harp, not a very usual companion for a hermit, to amuse his solitude; and who directs him what studies to pursue. The youth is pleased with no historian except Plutarch. He reads Homer and Virgil, and learns to mend his song, and the poet would have told us how he learnt to sing still better, if sorrow for the death of a friend had not put a period to his own labours. The poem thus comes abruptly to an end; and we are not much concerned that there is no more of it. His first intention was to have engaged the Minstrel in some adventure of importance, through which it may be doubted whether he could well have conducted him; for he has not shewn much skill in the narrative part of the poem.

The other little piece called the "Hermit," begins with a sweet strain, which always dwells on the ear, and which makes us expect that something equally sweet is to follow. This hermit, too, has his "harp symphonious." He makes the same complaint, and finds the same comfort for it, as Edwin had done in the first book of the "Minstrel." Both are the Christian's comment on a well-known passage in the "Idyllium of Moschus," on the death of Bion. Of his "Ode on Lord Hay's Birth-day," Gray's opinion, however favourable, is not much beyond the truth; that the diction is easy and noble; the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious; to which he adds, "that the panegyric has nothing mean in it."

Between his systems in poetry and philosophy, some exchange might have been made with advantage to each. In the former, he counted general ideas for nearly all in all. In the latter, he had not learnt to generalize at all; but would have rested merely in fact and experience.

This is, we repeat, a book which successfully carries down the "Lives of the Poets" from the point where JOHNSON closed to the time of KIRKE WHITE; it will make a useful addition to the library, and we therefore cordially recommend it to the attention of our readers.

Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

We should not have omitted, when reviewing the chancellors of the reign of Edward I. whose fame has by no means equalled his deserts, and Lord CAMPBELL's account of him will, therefore, be read with interest, as containing information that will be new to our readers.

On the day of St. Matthew the Apostle, 1274, the office of Chancellor was conferred on Robert Burnel, and he continued to hold it with great applause for eighteen years, during all which time he enjoyed the favour and confidence of Edward, and was his chief adviser in all his measures. He is a striking example of the unequal measure with which historical fame has been meted out to English statesmen. Although intimately connected with the conquest and settlement of Wales; although he conducted Edward's claim to the superiority over Scotland, and pronounced the sentence by which the crown of that country was disposed of to be held under an English liegeland; although he devised a system for the government of Ireland upon liberal and enlightened principles; although he took the chief part in the greatest reforms of the law of England recorded in her annals,—and there can be no doubt that he occupied a considerable space in the public eye during his own age—his name has since been known only to a few dry antiquaries incapable of appreciating his merits.

Robert Burnel was the younger son of Robert de Burnel, of a powerful family settled from time immemorial at Acton Burnel, in the county of Salop. Here the future Chancellor was born; here he afterwards, by the King's licence, erected a fortified castle; and here, to illustrate his native place, he prevailed on the King to hold a Parliament, in which was passed the famous law "De Mercatoribus," called "the statute of Acton Burnel."

As his elder brother, Hugh, was to inherit the paternal estate, and was, of course, to do military service as a knight and baron, Robert was destined to rise in the state by civil and ecclesiastical employments, which were then generally combined. He early distinguished himself by his proficiency not only in the civil and canon law, but in the common law of England; and there is reason to think that after he had taken holy orders, he practised as an advocate in the courts at Westminster. During the barons' wars, while still a young man, he was introduced to Prince Edward, who was about his own age, and was much pleased with his address and social qualities, as well as his learning and ability. He became chaplain and private secretary to the heir-apparent, suggested to him the counsels which enabled him to triumph over Simon de Montfort, and attended him in his expedition to the Holy Land.

When appointed Chancellor he had reached no higher eccle-

siastical dignity than that of Archdeacon of York. He was soon after raised to the see of Bath and Wells, with which he remained contented, devoting the whole of his energies to affairs of state.

He presided at the Parliament which met in May 1275, and passed "the Statute of Westminster the First," deriving the name of a Code rather than an *Act of Parliament*. From this, chiefly, Edward I. has obtained the name of "the English Justinian"—absurdly enough, as the Roman emperor merely caused a compilation to be made of existing laws, whereas the object now was to correct abuses, to supply defects, and to remodel the administration of justice. Edward deserves infinite praise for the sanction he gave to the undertaking; and from the observations he had made in France, Sicily, and the East, he may, like Napoleon, have been personally useful in the consultations for the formation of the new code; but the execution of the plan must have been left to others professionally skilled in jurisprudence, and the chief merit of it may safely be ascribed to Lord Chancellor Burnel, who brought it forward in Parliament.

He was distinguished equally as a lawyer and a legislator. Not only was justice administered with a purity very rare in those corrupt and lawless times, but he was prominent as a law reformer, and to his exertions was the country indebted for the many admirable laws that distinguish the reign of the first EDWARD. Honest himself, he sought to enforce honesty in others; and we are told that he "brought forward very serious charges against the judges for taking bribes and altering the records, upon which they were all convicted except two." He assisted the King in settling the succession to the Scottish crown, and gave judgment against ROBERT BRUCE in favour of the claims of BALIOL. He died on the 20th of October, 1292, honoured and lamented by king and people, and yet is his name not so much as mentioned by HUME!

While travelling again over our notes, let us take a few more passages we had passed by, fearing that we might not be able to find a place for them. But the dulness in the publishing world permits a more extended notice than we had anticipated, and therefore we insert them.

Last week we gave the history of Cardinal WOLSEY's fall. His public appearance in the last day of his power is thus described:—

On the first day of Michaelmas Term, which then began in the middle of October, he headed the usual grand procession to Westminster-hall, riding on his mule, attended by his crosses, his pillars, and his poll-axes, and an immense retinue to defend the great seal and the cardinal's hat. It was remarked that in the procession, and while sitting in the Court of Chancery, his manner was dignified and collected, although he, and all who beheld him, knew that he had touched the highest point of all his greatness, and from the full meridian of his glory he hastened to his setting. This was his last appearance in public as Chancellor. That same evening he received a private intimation that the King had openly announced his immediate disgrace.

How unpopular he had become will appear from this:—

When he entered his barge to proceed to Esher he found the river Thames covered with above a thousand boats full of men and women of the city of London, who expected to witness the spectacle of his being carried to the Tower and there landing at the Trinitors'-gate. It is confessed that he was now greatly hated by people of all degrees, and that there was a general disappointment when the head of his barge was turned towards Lambeth and when he was seen rowed up the river to Putney.

Of Sir THOMAS MORE's facetiousness a great many anecdotes are collected by Lord CAMPBELL. With some the reader is already familiar; others are new to us. For instance:—

When he had perused a very foolish bill signed "A Tubbe," he wrote immediately above the signature "A tale of;" the luckless attorney being told that the Chancellor had approved his bill, carried it joyfully to his client, who, reading it, discovered the gibe.

His industry in the discharge of his judicial duties was unparalleled:—

Having heard causes in the forenoon between eight and eleven, after dinner he sat in an open hall and received the petitions of all who came before him, examining their cases, and giving them redress according to law and good conscience.

By this diligence he succeeded in clearing off all the arrears of causes, until he was one day informed that there was nothing left for hearing, a fact which he desired to be formally

recorded. This gave rise to the following prophecy, whose fulfilment is a painful fact :—

“When MORE some time had Chancellor been
No more suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen
Till MORE be there again.”

An anecdote related by Lord CAMPBELL shews the estimate in which BACON's honesty was held by his contemporaries :—

Soon after his death, a wag at the Chancery bar, to expose the practice, beginning to prevail too much, of referring everything to the master (then called “the doctor,” from the masters being all doctors of the civil law), feigned a tale that Sir Nicholas, when he came to heaven's gate, was opposed in respect of an unjust decree which he had made while lord keeper. He desired to see the order, and, finding it to begin “Veneris, &c.” “Why,” saith he, “this being done on a Friday, I was then sitting in the Star-chamber: it concerns the Master of the Rolls: let him answer it.” Sir William Cordell, M.R. who died soon after, following, he was likewise stayed upon it. Looking into the order, he found it ran thus: “Upon reading the report of Dr. Gibson, to whom this cause stood referred, it is ordered, &c.” And so he put it upon Dr. Gibson; who, next coming up, said that the Lord Keeper and his Honour the Master of the Rolls were the parties who ought to suffer for not doing their own work;—whereupon they were all three turned back.

BROMLEY's name is chiefly memorable for the part he took in the judicial murder of MARY, Queen of Scots; he presided at the trial, and was not scrupulous in the means he adopted to procure her condemnation. His death-bed is thus described :—

He had suffered much anxiety while the prosecution was going on; he was deeply affected when he heard of the catastrophe; and he felt dreadful alarm when he found that the queen affected indignation and resentment against all who were concerned in it. Suddenly he took to his bed; and Parliament meeting by adjournment on the 15th of February, no business could be done on that or the following day, on account of his sickness, for which no provision had been made. On the 17th, Sir Edmund Anderson, chief justice of the Common Pleas, read publicly, in the House of Lords, a commission from the queen, directed to himself, by which he was authorized, in the absence of the chancellor, to act in his stead; and on the 23rd of March, by reason of the continued sickness of the chancellor, the deputy closed the session and dissolved the Parliament. Bromley never rallied, and on the 12th of April following he expired, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Of Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON, the daring chancellor, we have these further particulars :—

He constantly frequented the theatres, which, although Shakespeare was still a boy at Stratford-on-Avon, were beginning to flourish, and he himself used to assist in writing masques, and took a part in performing them. He was one of five students of the Inner Temple who wrote a play entitled “Tancred and Gismund,” which, in the year 1568, was acted by that society before the queen. * * * This piece, though composed and acted in 1568, was not printed till 1592. It then came out thus entitled: “The Tragedie of Tancred and Gismund, compiled by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them presented before her Majestie. Newly revived, and polished according to the decorum of these daies, by R. W.” This edition was by Robert Wilmot, who is often called the author of the tragedy, but there is no doubt that the five students contributed each an act. The future lord chancellor's contribution was the fourth act, at the end of which there is this notice, “Composuit Chr. Hatton.” This edition is so scarce, and so much valued by book-collectors, that a defective copy of it sells for ten guineas. There is one in the British Museum, which belonged to Garrick. The story, which has been the subject of so many poems and dramas, is taken from the first novel of the fourth day of the Decameron. I am afraid that Hatton could not read Boccaccio in the original, but he might find this fable in “Paynter's Collection,” and in an old ballad printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1532. Sir Christopher's contribution being hitherto the only tragic effort of a lord chancellor, I will offer the reader, as a specimen, the fourth scene of the fourth act, between Tancred and Guiozard, after the king has discovered the guilty loves of the count and Sigismunda :

“Taner. And durst thou, villain, dare to undermine
Our daughter's chamber? Durst thy shameless face
Be bold to kiss her? th' rest we will conceal.
Wherefore content thee that we are resolved
That thy just death with thine effused blood,
Shall cool the heat and choler of our mood.

Guioz. My lord the king, neither do I dislike

Your sentence: nor do your smoking sighs,
Reached from the entrails of your boiling heart,
Disturb the quiet of my calmed thoughts.
Such is the force and endless might of love,
As never shall the dread of carrion death,
That hath envy'd our joys, invade my breast,
But unto her my love exceeds compare:
Then this hath been my fault, for which I joy,
That in the greatest lust of all my life
I shall submit for her sake to endure
The pangs of death. Oh, mighty lord of love,
Strengthen thy vassal boldly to receive
Large wounds into this body for her sake;
Then use my life or death, my lord and king,
For your relief to ease your grieved soul;
Knowing by death I shall bewray the truth
Of that fond heart, which living was her own,
And died alive for her that lived mine.

Taner. Thine, Paluria? What! lives my daughter
thine?

Traitor, thou wrong'st me, for she liveth mine.
Rather I wish ten thousand sundry deaths
Than I to live and see my daughter thine.

[The king hasteth into his palace.]

Guioz. (solus.) O thou, great God, who from thy
highest throne

Has stooped down and felt the force of love,
Bend gentle ears unto the woful moan
Of me, poor wretch, to grant that I require;
Help to persuade the same, great God, that he
So far remit his might, and slack his fire
From my dear lady's kindled heart, that she
May hear my death without her hurt. Let not
Her face, wherein there is as clear a light
As in the rising moon, let not her cheeks
As red as is the party-coloured rose,
Be paled with the news hereof: and so
I yield myself, my silly soul, and all,
To him, for her for whom my death shall shew
I lived: and as I lived I died, her thrall.”

There is a chorus somewhat after the Greek fashion, and the tragedy is a curious illustration of the state of the drama in England in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign; although we shall in vain look in it for such felicity of thought and harmony of numbers as in Dryden's exquisite poem of “Sigismunda and Guiscardo.”

To the life of the infamous JEFFREYS Lord CAMPBELL has devoted great pains, setting to the task, as he informs us, with the hope that he might discover in the popular opinion and the anecdotes of his atrocities preserved by his contemporaries, the exaggerations of prejudice against one on whom the world lavishes its hate, just as we are wont to find undeserved applause heaped on those whom men choose for their idols. But investigation served only to make the hideous features of his character even more black than they are painted. “Although,” says Lord CAMPBELL, “he appears to have been a man of high talents, of singularly agreeable manners (when he pleased), and entirely free from hypocrisy, his cruelty and his political profligacy have not been sufficiently exposed or reprobated, and he was not redeemed from his vices by one single solid virtue.” This is the account of his first marriage :—

During his early career at the bar, he was involved in difficulties which could only have been overcome by uncommon energy. Pressed by creditors, and at a loss to provide for the day that was passing over him, he had burdened himself with the expenses of a family. But this arose out of a speculation, which, in the first instance, was very prudent. Being a handsome young fellow, and capable of making himself acceptable to modest women—notwithstanding the bad company which he kept—he resolved to repair his fortunes by marrying an heiress; and he fixed upon the daughter of a country gentleman of large possessions, who on account of his agreeable qualities had invited him to his house. The daughter, still very young, was cautiously guarded, and almost always confined to her chamber; but Jeffreys contrived to make a confidant and friend of a poor relation of her, who was the daughter of a country parson, and lived with her as a companion. Through this agency he had established a correspondence with the heiress, and an interest in her affections; so that on his last visit she had agreed, if her father's consent could not be obtained, to elope with him. What was his disappointment, soon after his return to his dismal chamber in the Inner Temple, which he had hoped soon to exchange for a sumptuous manor house, to receive a letter from the companion, informing him that his correspondence with the heiress had

been discovered by the old father, who was in such a rage, that, locking up her cousin, he had instantly turned herself out of doors; and that, having taken shelter in the house of an acquaintance in Holborn, she was there in a state of great destitution and distraction—afraid to return to her father, or to inform him of what had happened. His conduct on this occasion may be truly considered the brightest passage in his history. He went to her, found her in tears, and, considering that he had been the means of ruining her prospects in life (to say nothing of her being much handsomer than her rich cousin), he offered her his hand. She consented. Her father, notwithstanding the character and circumstances of his proposed son-in-law, out of regard to his daughter's reputation, sanctioned their union; and, to the surprise of all parties, gave her a fortune of 300*l*. Accordingly, on the 23rd of May, 1667, at Allhallows Church, Barking, George Jeffreys, of the Inner Temple, esq. was married to Sarah, the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Neesham, A.M.

JEFFREYS was, however, a bigot as well as a beast. Some of his worst deeds were done with a conviction that he was serving his king and country. Even on his death-bed he did not repent of his cruelties.

It is said that he profited by the spiritual ministrations of Dr. John Scott, a pious divine; but that he never could be induced to express any contrition for his cruelties in the West,—labouring in his dying hours under the delusion that he was excused in the sight of God and man by the consideration "that all the blood he had shed fell short of the King's demand."

The remainder of the work, so far as it has yet proceeded, extends to the Revolution. It offers fewer materials for extract, and therefore we pass it over and conclude with a curious note relating to the great seal, and containing a bit of court gossip of our own time.

When on a new reign, or on a change of the royal arms or style, an order is made by the sovereign in council for using a new great seal, the old one is publicly broken, and the fragments become the fee of the chancellor. * * * This being the general rule, an amicable contest, *honoris causa*, arose upon the subject between two of the most distinguished men who have ever held the office. Lord Lyndhurst was chancellor on the accession of William IV., when, by an order in council, a new great seal was ordered to be prepared by his Majesty's chief engraver; but when it was finished, and an order was made for using it, Lord Brougham was chancellor. Lord Lyndhurst claimed the old great seal, on the ground that the transaction must be referred back to the date of the first order, and that the fruit must therefore be considered as having fallen in his time; while Lord Brougham insisted that the point of time to be regarded was the moment when the old great seal ceased to be the "*clavis regni*," and that there was no exception to the general rule. The matter being submitted to the king as supreme judge in such cases, his Majesty equitably adjudged that the old great seal should be divided between the two noble and learned litigants; and as it consisted of two parts, for making an impression on both sides of the wax appended to letters patent—one representing the sovereign on the throne, and the other on horseback—the destiny of the two parts respectively should be determined by lot. His Majesty's judgment was much applauded; and he graciously ordered each part to be set in a splendid silver salver with appropriate devices and ornaments, which he presented to the late and present keeper of his conscience as a mark of his personal respect for them. The ceremony of breaking or "damasking" the old great seal consists in the sovereign giving it a gentle blow with a hammer; after which it is supposed to be broken, and has lost all its virtue.

SCIENCE.

On the Duration of Life among the Families of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom. By WILLIAM A. GUY, M.D.

DR. GUY was desirous of ascertaining, by actual investigation, what is the real difference, if any, in the value of life among the upper and the lower classes, and to test, by a collection of statistical data, the truth or error of the popular opinion that the comfortable classes, as they have been termed, live longer than those who are exposed to the toils of manual labour and the hardships of poverty. He resolved to begin with the peerage and baronetage, and by comparing the value of life among that highest class of the community with the general average value of life in the whole community, to learn whether their wealth and the luxuries, comforts, and medical skill it pro-

cured for them gave them advantages of longevity beyond their less favoured fellowmen.

It will be unnecessary to follow Dr. GUY through the extensive data he has gathered and the calculations based upon them. Our readers will be interested only in the results, which shew the fallacy of the prevailing opinion and prove the startling fact, that the sanatory condition of the privileged classes is less favourable than that of the unprivileged; in brief, that wealth is not the blessing nor poverty the curse each has been supposed.

And this appears to be not an accidental circumstance, but a law of nature; it is apparent in the earliest recorded data. Another curious fact has appeared, namely, that the average value of life among the privileged class has been decreasing during the last three centuries, while that of the general community has increased.

Dr. GUY has examined his materials to determine the truth of a popular notion that there are certain fatal periods of life, usually septennial. He cannot find it.

The facts from which the tables are formed may be used to determine another question of some little interest, namely, are there any particular ages marked by an excessive mortality? The ancients, it is well known, attached great importance to certain ages, attributing to them unusual danger and a high mortality. These ages, which were designated as the climacteric years, are the 49th, the 63rd, and the 81st, entitled respectively the lesser climacteric, the climacteric, and the grand climacteric. Although the fanciful value attached to the number seven and its multiples is perhaps a sufficient explanation of the importance attached to the first two periods, it may possibly have happened that a rude observation of the ages at which death took place bore its part in the establishment of the theory. It may, therefore, be worth while to submit this theory to the test of facts. The inquiry, indeed, derives an additional interest from the occasional revival in modern times of the superstitious importance formerly attached to certain numbers. On referring to Table I. it will be seen that the number of deaths opposite the age of 49 is somewhat in excess of the numbers in several preceding and succeeding years. It exceeds by six deaths the number at the age of 47, which is the highest number for all the earlier ages, and by eight deaths the highest number for the next five years. The precise numbers are, at 49 years 45 deaths, at 47 years 39 deaths, and at fifty-one years 37 deaths. The number of deaths at the age of 63, on the other hand, falls short of the number in the year preceding by two deaths, and only exceeds the number in the 61st and 65th year by three deaths. Again, the number of deaths at 81 years of age, though somewhat greater than in the year following, and higher than in every preceding year, falls greatly short of the number in the year immediately preceding. Of the three climacteric years, then, there is only one (49, or the lesser climacteric), which displays any excess of deaths, and, even in this case, the excess is not so large but that it may safely be attributed to a coincidence.

Another interesting fact, and the summary of the conclusions drawn by Dr. GUY, will appropriately close this short notice of a curious and valuable contribution to the science of man.

There is a difference of four years at the age of 25, and of about two years at 35 and 50 respectively, in the expectation of life of the successors to the peerage, and of the families of the peerage and baronetage. This difference can scarcely be due to the mode of calculation, and therefore gives rise to a question of some interest. The families of the peerage and baronetage comprise a large proportion of persons urged by ordinary motives to wholesome exertion of body and mind, while the expectants of title may be fairly presumed to have a greater command of the means of self-indulgence, and less motive to those efforts, whether mental or bodily, by which men may be said to earn health and long life. It is not a little remarkable that the expectation of life among the male members of the families of the peerage and baronetage should exceed by from two to four years the expectation of life by the same age among the successors to titles; and that the expectation of life in the former class falls short in a similar manner, and to a similar extent, of that of the entire kingdom and of the lives insured in the principal insurance offices. There is here a coincidence which cannot be overlooked, and a fair ground for answering the question already proposed in the affirmative. In the unlimited command of the means of dangerous self-indulgence, and in the absence of the common motives to wholesome exertion, the expectants of titles differ as much from the other members of noble families as these latter from the mass of mankind; and the effect in each case displays itself in broken health and a shorter average duration of life. When the duration of life shall be accurately ascertained for all

the several classes of society, it will probably be found that the labouring man, placed above want but always dependent upon his own exertions, attains a higher average age, as he undoubtedly reaches a higher extreme, than his richer and more luxurious superior.

The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound; with Illustrations. By WILLIAM MILES, Esq. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

MR. MILES states that his sole object in this treatise is "to communicate, in the most familiar language the subject will admit of, the result of several years' observation and much tedious experiment, undertaken with a view of ascertaining what mode of shoeing, system of stabling, and quantity of exercise promised the fairest prospects of preserving the foot of the horse in soundness and comfort to himself, and usefulness to his owner, for the longest period;" his aim being "by keeping out of view every thing not essential, and presenting only those things that are practical to render a hitherto difficult and little understood subject familiar and easy."

We cannot profess to criticize Mr. Miles's physiology; but we may assert that he has treated his very important topic with great research and labour, and that he displays much natural sagacity, and that perfect mastery of details which only experience can teach. He has illustrated his lessons with a number of drawings on stone. To all who have the care of horses this volume will be a valuable acquisition, because it is a perfectly practical and intelligible informant.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem: performed in the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By M. A. TITMARSH, Author of "The Irish Sketch Book," &c. London, 1846. Chapman and Hall.

OUR readers will probably remember an advertisement addressed to intending tourists during the last summer, wherein a certain Steam Navigation Company proposed a trip of two months to Egypt, Greece, and Constantinople, at a moderate cost, and with all conveniences supplied by the advertisers. Mr. TITMARSH was tempted to accept the offer and join the party, and he has in this volume presented a lively, pleasant, and very graphic memorial of the trip. It is true that the route of the tourist is well beaten; true, it has been described by a hundred travellers before him; true, that it was a hasty visit, an hour or two at one place, a day at another, and so forth; but withal is Mr. TITMARSH's tour right welcome, not only because it really contains much that is new in substance, but the manner of the telling is in itself a novelty, and what would have been dull and tedious enough in ordinary hands, with him becomes a narrative that will be heartily welcomed in every circle and which nobody who begins will fail to read to the end. Its value lies in its reality. Mr. TITMARSH is not one of your wonder-seekers who sees every thing foreign through a magnifying glass, nor one of your sickly sentimentalists who must fall into raptures and play the poetic or the philosophic at every novel sight; but he is a plain matter-of-fact gentleman, who views things just as they are and tells the truth about them, careless how it may shock conventional opinions. Then, being an artist, he knows how to seize the most prominent and telling points of the objects he beholds, and therefore he tells us more in a page than most writers can convey in ten. Moreover, he has a happy knack of fastening upon the humorous and ridiculous, and so keeps the reader smiling; a faculty always acceptable in an author, and especially in a tourist. But this is a book to be described rather by extracts than by talking about it, and so we subjoin a few of the passages that have most amused us in perusal.

AN HOUR AT VIGO.

It was agreed that a party of us should land for half an hour, and taste real Spanish chocolate on Spanish ground. We followed Lieutenant Bundy, but humbly, in the providor's boat; that officer going on shore to purchase fresh eggs, milk for tea (in place of the slimy substitute of whipped yolk of egg, which we had been using for our morning and evening meals), and, if possible, oysters, for which it is said the rocks of Vigo are famous. It was low tide, and the boat could not get up to the dry shore. Hence it was necessary to take advantage of the offers of sundry gallegos, who rushed barelegged into the water, to land

on their shoulders. The approved method seems to be to sit upon one shoulder only, holding on by the porter's whiskers; and though some of our party were of the tallest and fattest men whereof our race is composed, and their living sedans exceedingly meagre and small, yet all were landed without accident upon the juicy sand, and forthwith surrounded by a host of mendicants, screaming, "I say, sir! penny, sir! I say, English! tam your ays! penny!" in all voices, from extreme youth to the most lousy and venerable old age. When it is said that these beggars were as ragged as those of Ireland, and still more volatile, the Irish traveller will be able to form an opinion of their capabilities. Through this crowd we passed up some steep rocky steps through a little low gate, where, in a little guard-house and barrack, a few dirty little sentinels were keeping a dirty little guard; and by low-roofed, whitewashed houses, with balconies, and women in them—the very same women, with the very same head-clothes, and yellow faus, and eyes at once sly and solemn, which Murillo painted—by a neat church into which we took a peep, and, finally, into the Plaza del Constitucion, or grand-place of the town, which may be about as big as that pleasing square, Pump Court, Temple. We were taken to an inn, of which I forget the name, and were shewn from one chamber and story to another, till we arrived at that apartment where the real Spanish chocolate was finally to be served out. All these rooms were as clean as scrubbing and whitewash could make them; with simple French prints (with Spanish titles) on the walls; a few rickety half-finished articles of furniture; and, finally, an air of extremely respectable poverty. A jolly, black-eyed, yellow-shawled Dulcinea conducted us through the apartment, and provided us with the desired refreshment. Sounds of clarions drew our eyes to the Place of the Constitution; and, indeed, I had forgotten to say that that majestic square was filled with military, with exceedingly small firelocks, the men ludicrously young and diminutive for the most part, in a uniform at once cheap and tawdry, like those supplied to the warriors at Astley's, or from still humbler theatrical wardrobes: indeed, the whole scene was just like that of a little theatre; the houses curiously small, with arcades and balconies, out of which looked women apparently a great deal too big for the chambers they inhabited; the warriors were in gingham, cottons, and tinsel; the officers had huge epaulets of sham silver lace drooping over their bosoms, and looked as if they were attired at a very small expense. Only the general, the captain-general (Pooch, they told us, was his name: I know not how 'tis written in Spanish), was well got up, with a smart hat, a real feather, huge stars glittering on his portly chest, and tights and boots of the first order. Presently, after a good deal of trumpeting, the little men marched off the place, Pooch and his staff coming into the very inn in which we were awaiting our chocolate. Then we had an opportunity of seeing some of the civilians of the town. Three or four ladies passed with fan and mantle; to them came three or four dandies dressed smartly in the French fashion, with strong Jewish physiognomies. There was one, a solemn lean fellow in black, with his collars extremely turned over, and holding before him a long ivory-tipped ebony cane, who tripped along the little place with a solemn smirk, which gave one an indescribable feeling of the truth of Gil Blas, and of those delightful bachelors and licentiates who have appeared to us all in our dreams. In fact, we were but half an hour in this little queer Spanish town; and it appears like a dream, too, or a little show got up to amuse us. Boom! the gun fired at the end of the funny little entertainment. The women and the balconies, the beggars and the walking Murillos, Pooch and the little soldiers in tinsel, disappeared, and were shut up in their box again. Once more we were carried on the beggars' shoulders out of the shore, and we found ourselves again in the great stalwart roast-beef world; the stout British steamer bearing out of the bay, whose purple waters had grown more purple. The sun had set by this time, and the moon above was twice as big and bright as our degenerate moons are.

At Lisbon he indulges in the following truthful reflections on

SEEING THE LIONS.

A great misfortune which befalls a man who has but a single day to stay in town, is that fatal duty which superstition entails upon him of visiting the chief lions of the city in which he may happen to be. You must go through the ceremony, however much you may sigh to avoid it; and however much you know that the lions in one capital roar very much like the lions in another; that the churches are more or less large and splendid; the palaces pretty spacious, all the world over; and that there is scarcely a capital city in this Europe but has its pompous bronze statue or two of some perriwigged, hook-nosed emperor, in a Roman habit, waving his bronze baton on his broad-flanked brazen charger. We only saw these state old lions in Lisbon, whose roar has long since ceased to frighten one. First we went to the church of St. Bocho, to see a famous piece of mosaic work there. It is a famous work of art, and was bought by I

don't know what king, for I don't know how much money. All this information may be perfectly relied on, though the fact is we did not see the mosaic work; the sacristan who guards it was yet in bed; and it was veiled from our eyes in a side chapel by great dirty damask curtains, which could not be removed, except when the sacristan's toilette was done, and at the price of a dollar. So we were spared this mosaic exhibition; and I think I always feel relieved when such an event occurs. I feel I have done my duty in coming to see the enormous animal—if he is not at home, *Virtute mea me, &c.*—we have done our best, and mortal can do no more.

They rested for a couple of days at

GIBRALTAR.

The rock looks so tremendous, that to ascend it, even without the compliment of shells or shot, seems a dreadful task: what would it be when all those mysterious lines of batteries were vomiting fire and brimstone; when all those dark guns that you see poking their grim heads out of every imaginable cleft and zigzag should salute you with shot, both hot and cold; and when, after tugging up the hideous perpendicular place, you were to find regiments of British grenadiers ready to plunge bayonets into your poor panting stomach, and let out artificially the little breath left there? It is a marvel to think that soldiers will mount such places for a shilling—ensigns for five and ninepence—a day: a cabman would ask double the money to go half way! One meekly reflects upon the above strange truths, leaning over the ship's side, and looking up the huge mountain, from the tower nestled at the foot of it to the thin flag-staff at the summit, up to which have been piled the most ingenious edifices for murder Christian science ever adopted.

He was much disappointed with the aspect of

ATHENS AND ITS KING.

I swear solemnly (he declares) that I would rather have two hundred a year in Fleet-street, than be king of the Greeks, with Basileus written before my name round their beggarly coin; with the bother of perpetual revolutions in my huge plaster-of-Paris palace, with no amusement but a drive in the afternoon over a wretched arid country, where roads are not made, with ambassadors (the deuce knows why, for what good can the English, or the French, or the Russian party get out of such a bankrupt alliance as this?) perpetually pulling and tugging at me, away from honest Germany, where there is beer and aesthetic conversation, and operas at a small cost. The shabbiness of this place actually beats Ireland, and that is a strong word. The palace of the Basileus is an enormous edifice of plaster, in a square containing six houses, three donkeys, no roads, no fountains (except in the picture of the inn); backwards it seems to look straight to the mountain—on one side is a beggarly garden—the king goes out to drive (revolutions permitting) at five—some four-and-twenty blackguards saunter up to the huge sandhill of a terrace, as his majesty passes by in a gilt barouche and an absurd fancy dress! the gilt barouche goes plunging down the sandhills; the two dozen soldiers, who have been presenting arms, slouch off to their quarters; the vast barrack of a palace remains entirely white, ghastly and lonely; and, save the braying of a donkey now and then (which long-eared minstrels are more active and sonorous in Athens than in any place I know), all is entirely silent round Basileus's palace. How could people who knew Leopold fancy he would be so "jolly green" as to take such a berth? It was only a gobemouche of a Bavarian that could ever have been induced to accept it. I beseech you to believe that it was not the bill and the bugs at the inn which induced the writer hereof to speak so slightly of the residence of Basileus. These evils are now cured and forgotten. This is written off the leaden flats and mounds which they call the Troad. It is stern justice alone which pronounces this execrable sentence. It was a farce to make this place into a kingly capital: and I make no manner of doubt that King Otho, the very day he can get away unperceived, and get together the passage-money, will be off for dear old Deutschland, Fatherland, Beerland! I have never seen a town in England which may be compared to this: for though Herne Bay is a ruin now, money was once spent upon it and houses built; here, beyond a few scores of mansions comfortably laid out, the town is little better than a rickety agglomeration of larger and smaller huts, tricked out here and there with the most absurd cracked ornaments and cheap attempts at elegance. But neatness is the elegance of poverty, and these people despise such a homely ornament. I have got a map with squares, fountains, theatres, public gardens, and Places d'Othon marked out; but they only exist in the paper capital—the wretched, tumbledown wooden one boasts of none. One is obliged to come back to the old disagreeable comparison of Ireland. Athens may be about as wealthy a place as Carlow or Killyarney—the streets swarm with idle crowds, the innumerable little

lanes flow over with dirty little children—they are playing and paddling about in the dirt everywhere, with great big eyes, yellow faces, and the queerest little gowns and skull-caps. But in the outer man, the Greek has far the advantage of the Irishman; most of them are well and decently dressed (if five-and-twenty yards of petticoat may not be called decent, what may?); they swagger to and fro with huge knives in their girdles. Almost all the men are handsome, but live hard, it is said, in order to decorate their backs with those fine clothes of theirs. I have seen but two or three handsome women, and these had the great drawback which is common to the race—I mean, a sallow, greasy, coarse complexion, at which it was not advisable to look too closely.

He is better pleased with

MALTA.

On the 5th, to the inexpressible joy of all, we reached Valetta, the entrance to the harbour of which is one of the most stately and agreeable scenes ever admired by sea-sick traveller. The small basin was busy with a hundred ships, from the huge guard-ship, which lies there a city in itself; merchantmen loading and crews cheering, under all the flags in the world flaunting in the sunshine; a half-score of busy black steamers, perpetually coming and going, coaling and painting, and puffing and hissing in and out of harbour; slim men-of-war's barges shooting to and fro, with long shining oars flashing like wings over the water; hundreds of painted town boats, with high heads and white awnings, down to the little tubs in which some naked tawny young beggars came paddling up to the steamer, entreating us to let them dive for halfpence. Round this busy blue water rise rocks blazing in sunshine, and covered with every imaginable device of fortification; to the right, St. Elmo, with flag and lighthouse; and opposite, the military hospital, looking like a palace; and all round, the houses of the city, for its size, the handsomest and most stately in the world. Nor does it disappoint you on a closer inspection, as many a foreign town does. The streets are thronged with a lively comfortable-looking population; the poor seem to inhabit handsome stone palaces, with balconies and projecting windows of heavy carved stone. The lights and shadows, the cries and stench, the fruit-shops and fish-stalls, the dresses and chatter of all nations, the soldiers in scarlet, and women in black mantillas, the beggars, boatmen, barrels of pickled herrings and macaroni, the shovel-hatted priests and bearded capuchins, the tobacco, grapes, onions, and sunshine, the sign-boards, bottle-porter stores, the statues of saints and little chapels, which jostle the stranger's eyes as he goes up the famous stairs from the water-gate, make a scene of such pleasant confusion and liveliness as I have never witnessed before. And the effect of the groups of multitudinous actors in this busy, cheerful drama, is heightened, as it were, by the decorations of the stage. The sky is delightfully brilliant; all the houses and ornaments are stately; castles and palaces are rising all around; and the flag, towers, and walls of Fort St. Elmo look as fresh and magnificent as if they had been erected only yesterday.

But most of all with Smyrna, which seemed to realize his youthful visions of Eastern romance.

SMYRNA.

Smyrna came, and rebuked all mutinous cockneys into silence. Some men may read this who are in want of a sensation. If they love the odd and picturesque, if they loved the Arabian Nights in their youth, let them book themselves on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental vessels, and try one dip into Constantinople or Smyrna. Walk into the bazaar, and the East is unveiled to you; how often and often have you tried to fancy this, lying out on a summer holiday at school! It is wonderful, too, how like it is; you may imagine that you have been in the place before, you seem to know it so well! The beauty of that poetry is, to me, that it was never too handsome; there is no fatigue of sublimity about it. Shacabac and the Little Barber play as great a part in it as the heroes; there are no uncomfortable sensations of terror; you may be familiar with the great Afreet who was going to execute the travellers for killing his son with a date-stone. Morgiana, when she kills the forty robbers with boiling oil, does not seem to hurt them in the least; and though King Schahriar makes a practice of cutting off his wives' heads, yet you fancy they have got them on again in some of the back rooms of the palace, where they are dancing and playing on dulcimers. How fresh, easy, good-natured, is all this! How delightful is that notion of the pleasant Eastern people about knowledge, where the height of science is made to consist in the answering of riddles! and all the mathematicians and magicians bring their great beards to bear on a conundrum! When I got into the bazaar among this race, somehow I felt as if they were all friends. There sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramadan; no eating; the fish and meat fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Chris-

tians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet, doubtless,) for their benefit, and elbowing onwards with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanour from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by sallow-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colours; and women, with black nose-bags and shuffling yellow slippers, chatted and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter, and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe bazaar and the arm bazaar, and the little turned-up shoe quarter, and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbour, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured; there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little grey eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old grey beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Harun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate arabesques and sentences from the Koran? But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other, to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realized for half an hour!

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Velasco. By CYRUS REDDING. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Newby.

A FICTION in the shape of an autobiography—a form of narrative always attractive, because of the personal interest it excites in the reader. It has been often remarked, that the most amusing book the world has ever seen, would be the plain, unadorned, and faithful revelation of the actions, thoughts and feelings of an individual, even if he were the humblest in station, and his life the most homely and the least marked by adventure.

Mr. REDDING has, therefore, given to his romance of *Velasco* one feature that will recommend it to the patrons of the circulating library. The name is that of his hero, who, born in Spain of humble parents, rises, through countless varieties of fortune, to distinction and wealth. The style of the narrative is that of *Gil Blas*: the design is to exhibit Spanish life and manners. Upon the whole, the author has been tolerably successful in this, for he has well acquainted himself with the subject; his characters are genuine and life-like; he hurries us onward from scene to scene, from person to person, from adventure to adventure, with a velocity which, though not very accordant with actual experience, is yet permitted to the novelist. Whatever his faults, and they are many, he is not tiresome; the reader will not yawn over his pages. *Velasco* will serve excellently well to pass away a long winter evening withal, and the reader may place it upon his list of books to be borrowed. As a single short specimen of its manner, take the sketch of

A SPANISH GRANDEE.

"But a grandee of Spain reasons as well as other men."
"A mistake again; grandees never learn that mystery—it is beneath their dignity." "Then they must suffer loss."
"No matter, they must not compromise their dignity, if they lose their all besides. They would be sure to do this if they were to control their expenditure. The servants order what they please; the tradesmen enter what they please,

and whatever quantity of provisions is ordered lasts only for the day. The superfluity is stolen and carried away by the servants at night. Exactly the same practice is renewed the next day. The house of a grandee, rich in furniture and plate, has generally nothing else within the walls—wine, water, firing, candles, all are wanting, while perhaps there are thirty horses in the stable too weak from hunger to do a fair day's duty."
"You astonish me, Juanito." "That is what our grandees call dignity, aristocracy, nobility, and a dozen such names. To want the necessaries of life, with a hundred thousand ducats of income, and three or four hundred domestics, I hold to have long been a dignity in Madrid not to be so envied by the mob, if it knew all." "It is dignity of a peculiar kind, assuredly."
"The real dignity of a grandee everywhere consists in knowing, doing, and thinking nothing, in believing the rest of the world unworthy of regard, and only existing for his pleasure. All are contumacious who do not admit his claims, and in rejecting the humble, the better type of humanity, from their exclusive circle."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Russia under Nicholas the First. By IVAN GOLOVINE, a Russian subject. In 2 vols. London. Colburn, 1846.

A PROTEST against the despotism of Russia by a Russian is entitled to respect, and will be read with interest. Whatever aspect that gigantic system of tyranny may present to the traveller, it is impossible that it can be so correctly estimated as by a native who has felt the galling of the yoke, whose eyes have beheld the monster stripped of the trappings in which he exhibits himself to strangers. Nor does it militate against the fidelity of GOLOVINE's Revelations that they are written by an exile, and by one who has been in his own person grievously oppressed by the government he describes. M. GOLOVINE states facts, and one of the most formidable of these is the case of himself. Our readers are aware that great restrictions are placed upon the travelling propensities of the Russian people. Even a nobleman must obtain the Emperor's permission to quit the country, and the license is usually limited to five years, during which he is often subjected to a species of surveillance, especially in Paris and some of the larger cities on the Continent. It appears that GOLOVINE had obtained his license and was indulging his literary tastes in Paris, when, in March 1843, he suddenly received an order of recal. Instead of complying, he sent a remonstrance through the ambassador at Paris, which was laid before NICHOLAS, who forthwith ordered the property of the recusant to be forfeited, and a prosecution for high treason to be instituted against him. The narrative of the sort of reception given to his letter is very curious:—

One evening his Majesty did me the honour to read my letter to a small circle at court. "Who would have thought it," he cried, "that the brother of our Golovyn should be the author of such a letter? And who will venture to say that this man writes well? I leave you to judge for yourselves, gentlemen, is this letter well written?" And immediately the gentlemen present bowed their heads, saying, "Certainly not, sire, the letter is very ill written."

Thus outlawed, GOLOVINE resolved to use his freedom for the purpose of exposing to the world the secret machinery of the Government whose thralldom he had escaped; and the fruits of his labours are now before us, adding further testimony to the truth of the statements with which the Author of *Revelations in Russia* has already startled our countrymen.

Some passages from these valuable volumes will at once interest the reader, and exhibit the manner of the writer. We will take them indiscriminately. Here is a graphic sketch of

THE CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIAN.

The Russian has great strength both of body and mind; he readily endures fatigue and privation, and could easily bear all kinds of suffering if his moral were equal to his physical strength; his equanimity and perseverance often give him an indisputable superiority over other nations; but his nonchalance and his carelessness are perfectly Asiatic. They are the effects of the want of civilisation, and, in their turn, one of the causes which check improvement. The Russian has zeal and application only by fits and starts, and his idleness is one of the chief obstacles to the development of the powers of the country. He is more ambitious than men of other climes; the political organization of his country makes it imperative on him; but as it at the same time paralyses his zeal and represses the exercise of his capacity, there is no country where there are so many instances of persons who have failed

in their career, or been disappointed in their ambitious projects, or where discontent, unable to find vent in legitimate and open opposition, terminates in melancholy apathy or inevitable ruin. It is, however, consolatory to see that while some sacrifice everything to their career, their honour, and even their relations, there are others who do not think that the gifts of government can compensate for the humiliations with which its favours are accompanied. The Russian is pious, hospitable, and generous; qualities which are common to primitive nations, and which civilisation unfortunately tends to weaken. But his piety is closely allied to superstition, and consists almost entirely in the scrupulous observance of religious forms. I have seen a thief with one hand pick the pocket of a passenger, and with the other make the sign of the cross at the sound of the vesper bell. The Russian perpetually makes the sign of the cross; he does it in front of every church and every image, when entering a room or leaving it, when sitting down to table or when rising from it, when retiring to bed and when getting up. Next to the King of Heaven the Czar is the object of the adoration of the Russian. He is in his estimation the representative and the elect of God, as he is the head of His church, the source of all the beatitudes and the first cause of all fear. His hand distributes as bounteously as his arm strikes heavily. Love, fear, and humble respect are blended in this deification of the monarch, which most frequently serves only to task the cupidity of some and the pusillanimity of others. The Czar is the centre of all the rays, the focus to which every eye is directed; he is the red sun of the Russians, for they thus designate him; while they call the vestibule of the Kremlin, where the ancient czars showed themselves to the people, the Red Vestibule; *Krasnoie Kryltzo*. In public every eye is directed towards the Emperor; in the drawing-room the conversation turns solely upon him and his family; even in private, men's thoughts are chiefly engaged about him. All that he does is well done, and worthy of imitation; everybody walks in the promenades at the time that he walks; everybody loves dancing because he is fond of it; and there is no person who does not admire the military service because the Emperor is a zealous advocate of it. The Czar is the father of the whole nation, and no one has any relation that can be named in the same day with the Emperor. When his interest speaks, every other voice is hushed.

GOLOVINE admits that, when left to his own unbiassed convictions, the Emperor is generally both just and generous, and some creditable anecdotes are related of him. But it is the system that bears such terrible fruits; and no vigilance on the part of the autocrat can prevent corruption and tyranny in the lesser functionaries.

RUSSIAN EMPLOYEES.

These functions are most frequently conferred on incapable men, whether it be that intrigue or patronage preside at their distribution, or that in Russia there is a complete dearth of upright and enlightened men. It is a fact, that the most flagrant abuses are daily committed within the jurisdiction of the internal administration; the governors are not more incorrupt and disinterested than the other Russian functionaries, but they are quite as ignorant and negligent. It would be too long to specify the numberless proofs of their unheard-of double-dealing; and, as one cannot denounce them all, it would not be just to call down punishment on some and to spare the others. Suffice it to say, that one borrows money, never to return it, from a man whom he has it in his power to serve; that another makes the dealers whom he tacitly authorises to sell a drug supply him gratis; that a third receives money from a farmer of spirituous liquors, to allow him to put water into his wine; that a fourth has buildings adjudged to him at inadequate prices; that a fifth puts up to auction the properties of minors, without giving notice to the public, that he may buy them a bargain by means of his emissaries; that a sixth employs the peasants of the Crown to construct a road leading to an estate which he has recently purchased with money squeezed out of heretics for having set their leader at liberty. And these are not rare circumstances, peculiar to only a few of the governors; but the greater number of them are guilty of most of these extortions, or others of a similar kind, without ever subjecting themselves to any consequences; for, if they should even be prosecuted, they find protectors who save them. This large and hideous sore of Russia, the peculation universally practised, is, we will boldly maintain, owing not less to the insecurity of the citizens than the immorality of the public functionaries. Where the caprice of absolute power alone decides the fate of all and each, where no one is sure of his life or his property; there, I say, every man thinks only of the present, and seeks only to enrich himself as soon as he can, that he may have as much as possible left at the moment when he may be suddenly stripped for acts most frequently independent of his will; while, by a rigorous consequence, real abuses pass unperceived. As for incapacity and negligence of governors, this one expression sufficiently depicts them. When a governor com-

plained that business was not progressing, some one objected that he himself ought to read the papers which he signed; to which he replied, that he had certainly tried to do so, but then things only went on worse.

The governors are worthily seconded by the different *employés* and agents under their orders; men without instruction and without principle, there is no abuse, no malversation, which money will not bribe them to commit. To mention but one fact among a thousand: a district tribunal, paid by an accused person, dismissed the charge preferred against him, on the ground, as it alleged, that there were no means of communication between the two banks of the river which the complainant must have crossed, or his accusation could not be sustained. The latter had no difficulty to overthrow this falsehood by the very testimony of those who advanced it. Upon pretext of a commercial transaction, he applied to the tribunal before which the complaint was brought, for a certificate, that over the river in question there was a ferry, which permitted the transport of the corn and flour required, whenever the river was not frozen. For ten assignat rubles he obtained the attestation which he solicited.

Cunning is the vice of slaves every where, and it prevails in Russia.

Not finding a worthy and sufficient occupation for his mind, the Russian turns his attention to fraud, which he considers as an easy means of rising in the world. Cheating is carried to such an excess in Russia, that one might be tempted to say it is in the air or the blood. Russian commerce and manufactures are unquestionably the most dishonest in the world. China and England have had equal reason to complain of it. The Chinese, who are too suspicious to receive, without examination, the rolls of Russian cloth, find pieces of wood inside; the English receive grease instead of tallow.

The officers of police are often participators in plunder. Here is an instance—

Count Benhkendorf once lost 1,000 rubles in bank assignats, and immediately acquainted the police of it. General Kakoschkin instantly had them recovered; but, lo and behold! the count's valet, on brushing his clothes, found the sum in the lining of his great coat! The money was restored to General Kakoschkin, but he was not removed from his office.

Some interesting details are given of

THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.

In this war no quarter is given; the harshest slavery is the lot of the Russian prisoners: and to withhold from the Circassians the pecuniary means of prolonging the war, the government has adopted the principle of not ransoming them. If the Russians were to treat their Tscherkessian prisoners better than they now do—for they rarely fail to beat them cruelly as soon as they are taken—they might hope to see their number increase. Meanwhile the courage and the fanaticism of the Circassian cause him very often to put an end to his life rather than surrender to the Russians. One day a Circassian, after his horse had been killed under him, found himself surrounded by about twenty officers of the Russian guard. Resolutely presenting his fusil, he manifested a determination to dispatch the first who should approach him. The officers consulted whether one of them should encounter the danger, or whether they should all rush upon him at once, and leave to their gallant adversary the choice of his victim. They adopted the latter course; but, on the first forward movement, the Circassian flung his piece on the ground, and stabbed himself with his dagger. On examining the fusil, they found that it was not even charged.

The Circassians employ the fusil in the same manner as Europeans use the sword or sabre, with extraordinary address. The Cossacks of the line imitate them in this, as in every thing else, and a hill is still pointed out on which both parties fought with the fusil with equal desperation. At the moment when three hundred Cossacks of the line had reached the summit, they perceived several thousand Circassians advancing towards them. The officer would have fled, but his brother detained him; and this handful of brave fellows sustained the attack with courage. All perished; and when the field of battle was inspected, it was found that the Cossacks had sold their lives dearly, for they had made a circular mound of carcasses around them. The oldest of the Cossacks, and at the same time the most expert in the management of the fusil, had fallen furthest advanced in the enemy's ranks, after breaking his weapon in several places; and, when dead, his hand still grasped the beard of a Tscherkess. The Russian soldier, on his part, uses the butt of his piece almost as cleverly as the Circassian does the barrel; he prefers it to the bayonet, with which, he says, you can kill but one man at a time; whereas with the butt you may knock down two or three at a single blow. Hence, on the day of battle, most of the Russian butts are broken, and the soldier frequently applies to his officer for permission to return his musket. The Poles had the

same predilection for fighting with the butt, which has thus become a favourite practice with the Slavonians; and it certainly requires some strength to wield the weapon in this way with facility.

But we must close this book, our space forbidding further extract, however tempting. The reader will judge from the few passages we have taken what must be the interest of that which remains.

Curiosities of Literature. Office, 282, Strand.

THIS volume is in itself a curiosity. It is the first of a series to be published by an association calling itself "the Operative Society," and intended to bring useful and amusing information within the means of the operative class. Here is its first experiment, a volume of 228 pages, neatly printed, elegantly bound, and containing a collection of miscellanies falling within its title of "Curiosities of Literature," and all for nine-pence.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Neue Märchen und Erzählungen für Kinder. Von H. C. ANDERSEN. Dem Dänischen nacherzählt Zweite Sammlung. Braunschweig, 1845. (*Tales and Legends for Children, translated from the Danish of H. C. ANDERSEN.*)

THE works of the popular Danish author, ANDERSEN, are now become so universally known, through the medium of the many translations of MARY HOWITT and others, that any distinctive or detailed critique of his writings would be here utterly superfluous. We are all well acquainted, in their English dress, with the brilliant and poetical "Improvisatore," with the homely and touching story of "The Fiddler," with the clever and peculiarly northern traits of character portrayed in "O. T." &c.; but it remains for us to become known to his beautiful tales and stories for children, than which nothing can be found in our own country more simple and graceful, or so admirably adapted to their original purpose. Many of these, particularly in the latter series, will be as interesting and absorbing to the aged as to the young; in fact, the beauty of many an allusion, the charm of many a point, will be unappreciable by the very young, while their hearts will be too much bound up in the every-day though poetical life of the tale to take heed of aught else. For instance, the story of "The Ugly Duck," representing, in the trials of the young swan, despised and persecuted by the ducklings among whom it was born, the struggles of the mind among inferiors, will be found interesting to all, while none but the mature will read the deeper philosophy that lies beneath these simple incidents. The same may be said of "The Nightingale," "The Mermaid," and one or two others. The extreme fondness of the writer for animals may be remarked as well throughout these little tales as in any of his larger and more complete works.

With the partiality of the Germans for all children's stories, these Märchen of ANDERSEN were no sooner collected and published in Denmark than a translation was announced in Germany; another we see is about to be published in England, where, we doubt not, it will meet with an equally hearty welcome, and attain as sound a popularity. To give some idea of our author's style, as yet scarcely known among us, in its application to this class of subjects, we will select passages from one of the tales for the interest and amusement of our readers.

THE TINDER-BOX.

Once upon a time there came a soldier marching along the high-road; one, two, one, two; he carried his knapsack at his back, and his sword by his side, for he came from the wars, and was now on his way home. Here he met an old witch, a most horrible looking witch, for her under lip hung down as far as her breast.

"Good evening soldier," said she; "what a beautiful sword, and what a fine large knapsack you have there! you look indeed like a brave fellow, and for that you shall have as much money as ever you like."

"Thanks, old witch," answered the soldier.

"Do you see that great tree there?" asked the witch, while she pointed to a large strong oak that stood near the way side; "inside that tree it is quite hollow, and if you were to climb up to the top, you would see a hole in the trunk, through which you

can let yourself down, and so get to the bottom. I will bind a cord round your body, so that I can draw you up to the top again when you call me."

"And what shall I do down there in the bottom of the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money! what else indeed," returned the witch. "Only you must know when you get to the bottom of the oak you will find yourself in a great large hall, lighted by a hundred lamps. There you will see three doors, which you can open, every one of them, for the keys are in the doors. Go you, now, into the first door, and you will come into a room; in the middle of the floor there stands a large money chest, but it is guarded by a dog, with eyes as large as a couple of tea cups, but you mustn't turn back for that. Here, I'll give you my gay apron, which you must spread out upon the floor, and then seize the dog boldly, and set him upon the apron; and then you can take as much money as you want out of the chest; it is all copper. But if you want silver, you must go into the second room; here, too, is a dog upon the money-box, who has two enormous eyes, but his are as large as mill-stones. But you must not turn back for all that, but set him on my apron, and then provide yourself with as much silver as you like. But if you would rather have gold, you must go into the third chamber, and there you can take as much gold as you can possibly carry, only the dog who guards this chest has a pair of eyes quite as large as the round tower.* Ah! upon my word, that's a dog who can see! But you must take him and set him on my apron, and then you can have as many gold pieces as you like; the dog won't do any thing to you."

"That would not be so bad," said the soldier, "but what am I to give to you, you old witch, for you don't send me down into the tree for nothing, that I know well enough."

"No," answered she, "I don't want even a penny. But you may bring me up the tinder-box, that my grandmother forgot the last time she was down there."

"Now, then, put the rope round me; I'll try it," said the soldier.

"Here it is!" said the witch, "and here's my gay apron!"

So the soldier climbed to the top of the oak, crept down the hole in the trunk, and stood, all of a sudden, in the great hall, exactly so as the old witch had told him, lighted by a hundred lamps.

As soon as he had looked about him a little, he saw the three doors, and went up, and opened the first. Ha! there sat the dog with the huge eyes, as large as tea-cups, and glaring upon him!

"You're a fine fellow," said the soldier, and he spread out the witch's apron on the floor, and set the dog upon it; and now he opened the money chest, and filled all his pockets with pennies and half-pennies, shut down the lid again, put the glaring dog upon it, and went with his apron into the second room. Heaven and earth! There sat the dog with eyes as large as mill stones!

"You must not look so sharp at me," said the soldier; "it really hurts my eyes." Thereupon he set the dog upon the out-spread apron; but when he saw the quantity of silver, he threw away all his copper, and filled his pockets and knapsack too with the white-looking silver. And then he stepped into the third room. Well, now, that was enough to kill one! The dog here had really eyes like the round tower, and they whirled about in his head like so many running wheels!

"Good evening!" said the soldier, while he laid his hand on his sword, for in all his life he had never beheld such a monster of a dog. He looked at him for some minutes, and then thought "Well! that's enough," spread out the apron again upon the floor, raised the powerful dog from the lid of the chest, and opened it.

Heaven help us! what a quantity of gold he saw there! Enough for all Copenhagen—to buy all the sweetmeats, all the soldiers, all the whips, all the rocking-horses in all Europe. At the sight of this costly treasure the soldier threw away the silver that he had taken from the second room, and loaded his pockets, his knapsack, his girdle, and his boots so full of gold pieces, that he could scarcely carry it. Now, indeed, he had money enough, and to spare! He raised the huge dog once more upon the box, shut the door behind him, and then shouted up the tree, "Halloo! you old witch, draw me up again to the top, will you?"

"Haven't you forgotten the tinder-box?" cried the old woman.

"Upon my honour, that's a fact," said he; in one minute more I should have quite forgotten it." And so he seized upon the tinder-box, and the witch drew him up out of the tree, and presently he stood again in the high road loaded with all his gold.

Perhaps we should offer some apology for our length of extract, but the cause must be pleaded as the excuse; we only

* The astronomical tower at Copenhagen is, on account of its form, called the Round Tower.

trust others will follow this detail of the soldier's fortune with the same satisfaction that we did.

After delivering himself from the old woman, he proceeds on his way until he reaches a large town.

It seemed to the waiter that the boots of the strange gentleman were very simple for such a distinguished man; but the next day he set about his purchases, and then the waiter was of another opinion, for now the very best clothes and boots were given him to brush. The soldier was become quite a modern cavalier, and people talked to him of the sights to be seen in the city, of the king, and of the beautiful princess.

"Where can one contrive to see her?" asked the soldier.

"She cannot be seen at all," was the answer; "for she lives in a great copper castle, surrounded by many towers and high walls. Only the king himself goes in and out to his daughter; because there is a prophecy that the princess will be married to a common soldier, and the king would never hear of such a thing."

"I'd give my life to see this princess," thought the soldier; but a permission was quite out of the question.

Meanwhile he lived in great joy and merriment; went very often to the theatre, rode about in the royal park, and gave much money to the poor. This last was quite right of him; for he knew very well, from experience, how it is with a poor wretch who has not a penny in his pocket. Now he was really a rich man, with fine clothes and plenty of friends, who told him every day that he was a capital fellow—a true gentleman; and all this the soldier liked very much to hear. But as he either gave away or spent all his money, and never took any more in, so at last he was left with only two shillings remaining. So then he was obliged to leave the beautiful lodging that he had had all this time, and take a little wretched garret, and clean his own boots, and even mend his clothes with a darning needle, when they fell to pieces in different parts. None of his former friends came near him, for it was quite impossible for them to mount up so many steps merely on his account.

It was quite dark in his room, and he had not even enough money to buy a light. Then it suddenly entered his head that there were sparks of light in the tinder-box that he had brought up from the hollow oak. So he took it up, and began to strike with the steel upon the stone; but no sooner did the sparks fly about, than the room door flew open, and in stepped the dog, with eyes as large as tea-cups, and asked, "What does the master command?"

"Heaven and earth!" cried the soldier, astounded, "I have a most wonderful tinder-box, if with so little trouble I can get whatever I want. Well now, my friend," said he to the dog with the staring eyes, "I am quite embarrassed for want of money; bring some here."

Wipps! the dog disappeared, and, wipps! here he stood again before the soldier, holding a heavy bag of money between his teeth.

Now the soldier understood all about the tinder-box, and what he was to do with it. When he struck the stone once, the dog with the copper money appeared; twice, and there came he of the silver coins; and at last, upon the third stroke, came he that guarded the gold chest. Of course, after this, he went back to his former beautiful room, and again all his kind friends visited him, and showed him how much they loved and esteemed him.

"Ei," said he once to himself, "It's really very strange that one can't see the beautiful princess! she really must be very beautiful, at least so they all say, but what can it matter to her, when she sits shut up in a copper castle surrounded with towers! Is it really quite impossible to see her, I wonder?—where's my tinder-box? I should like to know whether it's only money they can bring me!" So he struck the steel on the stone, and the dog we know so well, he with the eyes as large as tea-cups, stood instantly before him.

"It is certainly late at night," said he, "but I have the greatest desire to see the princess at this moment."

Away went the dog, and before the soldier could believe it possible, he had come back with the princess, who sat sleeping on his back, and was so unspeakably beautiful, that every one could see at once she must be a princess. The soldier could not help it, but he must, and he must, kiss the princess, for he was, body and soul, a soldier.

Now away ran the dog with the lovely princess, back again to the copper castle. The next morning she told her parents at breakfast, how the night before she had had a strange dream, how it had seemed to her she had ridden upon a dog, and that a soldier had kissed her.

"That would be strange, indeed," said the queen. And now it was settled that the following night a court lady should watch by the bedside of the princess, in order to see if anything happened to her in her dreams.

This night, too, the soldier longed very much indeed to see the lovely princess from the copper castle. Again the dog was sent off, again he took her on his back and ran away with her.

But the clever old lady drew on her boots quickly, and ran as quickly after them, and when she saw the dog run in where the soldier lived, "Ah!" thought she, "now I know where he goes to!" and with a piece of chalk she made a cross upon the house door. Then she went back to the castle and lay down to sleep. Before long, back went the dog with the princess; but, as he remarked that a cross was made on the house where the soldier lived, so he marked crosses on all the house doors round about, which was certainly very thoughtful of the animal, for now the old lady could not tell one door from another.

Early on the following morning came the king, the queen, the old lady of the court, and all the officers of the city, to seek out where the princess had been in the night.

"Here is the house!" cried the king, as he saw the first door marked with a white cross.

"No, it must be here, my dear husband," said the queen, as she perceived the next house with the white cross.

"Why, there are white crosses here, and there, and every where!" cried out everybody at once; and wherever their eyes fell, there, sure enough, were the house doors marked with white crosses, and so they saw plainly that it would be quite useless to try and find out the real house.

Now the queen was a remarkably shrewd woman; not only did she know how to drive in her coach with dignity, she knew also how to come upon the dog's traces. She took a good piece of silk, and with her golden scissors cut it in two, and sewed up a bag out of it. This bag she filled with the finest meal, and fastened it herself round the shoulders of the princess. When this was done, she took her golden scissors and cut a little hole in the bag, just large enough to let the meal fall slowly out whenever the princess moved.

In the night again came the dog, took the princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who was so very fond of her that he would have given his life to be a prince that he might marry her.

The dog saw not in the least how the whole track, as he went from the castle to the soldier's dwelling, was all marked by the fine meal as it fell from the bag. The next morning the king and queen perceived at once where their daughter had been during the night, and therefore they ordered the soldier to be seized and thrown into prison.

There now sat the poor soldier in prison, and ha! here it was so dark! and moreover the jailer informed him that the next day he should be hung up. This was no pleasant news for the soldier, and to add to his misfortune he had left his tinder-box in the inn. As the day dawned, he could see from his little prison window how the people streamed out of the town to see the execution; he heard the trumpets sound, and saw the soldiers march off to the judgment-place. Among the herd of people there was also a little scholar, who ran so fast and so carelessly that he lost one of his slippers just as he passed by the prison.

"Halloo, there! you little shoeless!" cried the soldier after him; "there's no need whatever for you to be in such a hurry, for nothing of the sight can take place till I come. But will you run for me to the inn, to the Golden Angel, and fetch me out of my room the tinder-box you'll see there, I have forgotten it, and I will give you four shillings for your trouble; but you must run as fast as ever you can?"

The boy had a great fancy for the four shillings, so he ran quickly to the Golden Angel (that was the name of the inn), found the tinder-box in the soldier's room, and brought it to him at the grated window. Now we shall hear what happened.

Beyond the town was erected a high gallows, surrounded by soldiers, and the great field was filled with thousands of people. The king and queen sat upon a sumptuous throne, raised on purpose for them, and the judges and assembled council were close by.

Already stood the soldier on the highest step of the ladder; already the executioner was about to lay the rope round his neck, when he begged very earnestly that the last wish that he, a poor sinner, could ever form, might be granted. He had, he said, such a great desire to smoke a pipe, and as it was the last favour he could ever ask, he trusted they would not refuse him.

The king could not find it in his heart to deny him, and so the soldier took his tinder-box and struck once, twice, thrice, and on the instant there stood before him the three enchanted dogs; he with eyes like teacups; he, too, whose eyes were like mill-wheels; and also he, the horrible, whose eyes were like the round tower.

"Help me out of my distress!" cried the soldier to them, "or else I shall be hung!"

Thereupon the three hideous dogs fell upon the judges and the council, seized them by the legs and the nose, and tossed them up high in the air, so that in falling they fell to pieces.

"We do not please—" said the king, but the beasts cared nothing for that, but took king and queen and slaughtered them both, exactly as they had done the others. Then the soldiers were terrified to death, and the people shouted out, "Dear

soldier, you shall be our king, and shall have the beautiful princess for your wife."

Then they set the soldier in the king's coach, and all three dogs danced before the carriage crying "Hurrah!" the boys piped through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms.

Then the princess was released from her copper castle, and made queen, which she liked very much indeed. The wedding-feast lasted eight whole days, and the dogs sat down with them to table, and stared very much.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Western Clearings. By Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, Author of "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" &c. Wiley and Putnam. New York and London.

THE name of KIRKLAND is new to us, but we presume from the description appended that it is the exchange made on her second marriage by Mrs. CLAVERS. *Western Clearings* is a capital sequel to "A New Home"—equally graphic, equally humorous, equally characteristic, equally readable, and to say this is to recommend it to all who have enjoyed its predecessor in any of the multitudinous shapes in which it has been presented to the English public. Mrs. KIRKLAND describes life in the Far West, in a state of society original and peculiar, of which we possess no pictures, save some imperfect sketches very hastily taken by adventurous travellers, who see only the external aspect of things. Our authoress writes from an intimate knowledge of the people, acquired by residence among them; and hence the minuteness, the vividness, the interest of her narrative.

Of the Far West she says, that "it is like nothing else in the wide world." "Language, ideas, manners, customs—all are new." "For ideas, the settler has some of the strangest that ever were harboured in human brain, mixed with so much real shrewdness, practical wisdom, and ready wit, that one cannot but wonder how nature and a warping or blinding education can be so at variance."

Such a book, containing so much of novelty, and so abounding in lively pencillings of character, offers great temptation for extract; and our readers will probably not be displeased if we take more from these entertaining pages than is our wont. And first,

THE BALL AT THRAM'S HUDDLE.

It was on the sultriest of all melting afternoons, when the flies were taking an unanimous siesta, and the bees, baked beyond honey or humming, swung idly on the honeysuckles that I observed, with half-shut eye, something like activity among the human butterflies of our most peaceful of villages. If I could have persuaded myself to turn my head, I might doubtless have ascertained to what favoured point were directed the steps (hasty, considering all things) of the Miss Liggets, Miss Pinn, and my pretty friend, Fanny Russell; but the hour was unpropitious to research, and slumber beguiled the book from my fingers, before the thought "Where can they be going?" had fairly passed through my mind. Fancy had but just transported me to the focus of a circle of glass-blowers, the furnace directly in front, and the glowing fluid all around me, when I was recalled to almost equally overcoming realities, by a light tap at the door. I must have given the usual invitation mechanically, for before I was fairly awake, the pink face of one of my own hand-maidens shone before my drowsy eyes.

"If you don't want me for nothin', I'd like to go down to the store to get some notions for the ball."

"The ball! what a red-hot ball!" I replied, for the drowsy influence was settling over me again, and I was already on the deck of a frigate, in the midst of a sharply-contested action.

"Massy no, marm! this here Independence ball up to Thram's Huddle," said Jane, with a giggle.

I was now wide awake with astonishment. "A dance, Jane, in such weather as this!"

"Why law! yes; nothin' makes a body so cool as dancin' and drinkin' hot tea."

This was beyond argument. Jane departed, and I amused myself with the flittings of gingham sun-bonnets and white aprons up and down the street in the scorching sun.

And the ball-room.

The dancing now became "fast and furious," and the spirit of the hour so completely aroused that thirst for knowledge which is slanderously charged upon my sex as a foible, that I hesitated not to slip up stairs, and take advantage of one of the various knot-holes in the oak boards which formed one side of the room, in order that a glimpse of something like the realities of the thing might aid an imagination which could never boast

of being "all compact." It was but a glimpse, to be sure, for three candles can do but little towards illuminating a long room, with dark brown and very rough walls; but there was a tortuous country-dance, one side quivering and fluttering in all the colours of the rainbow, the other presenting more nearly the similitude of a funeral; for our beaux, in addition to the solemn countenances which they think proper to adopt on all occasions of festivity, have imbibed the opinion that nothing but broad-cloth is sufficiently dignified wear for a dance, be the season what it may.

And the feast.

Mrs. Noble now renewed her entreaties that we would at least stay for supper; and in the pride of her heart, and the energy of her hospitality, she opened her oven-door, and holding a candle that I might not fail to discern all its temptations, pointed out to me two pigs, a large wild turkey, a mammoth rice-pudding, and an endless array of pies of all sizes; and these she declared were "not a beginning" of what was intended for the "refreshment" of the company. A cup-board was next displayed, where, among custards, cakes, and "saase," or preserves, of different kinds, figured great dishes of lettuce "all ready, only jist to pour the vinegar and molasses over it," bowls of large pickled cucumbers, and huge pyramids of dough-nuts.

Our readers in England will compare the pic-nics to which they are accustomed with

A FOREST FETE.

Nothing could have been more auspicious than our outset. All the good stars seemed in conjunction for once, and their kindly influence lent unwonted lustre to the eyes of the ladies and the boots of the gentlemen. Every body felt confident that every thing had been thought of; nobody could recollect any body that *was* any body, who had not been included in the "very select" circle of invitation. Plenty of "teams" had been engaged—for who thinks of ploughing or haying on Independence day?—all the whips were provided with red snappers, and cockades and streamers of every hue decorated the tossing heads of our gallant steeds. Indeed, to do them justice, the horses seemed as much excited as any body. Provant in any quantity, from roast-pig, (the peacock of all our feasts,) to custards, lemonade, and green tea, had been duly packed and cared for. Music had not been forgotten, for one of the party played the violin *à la merville*, to the extent of two country dances and half a quadrille, while another beau was allowed to be a "splendid whistler," and a third, who had cut his ankle with a scythe, and could not dance, had borrowed the little triangle from the hotel, which we all agreed to look upon as a tambourine when it should mark the time for the dancers, and a gong when employed in its more accustomed office of calling the hungry to supper. So we were unexceptionably provided for at all points.

The day was such as we often have during the warm months—the most delicious that can be imagined. From the first pearly streak of dawn, to the last fainting crimson of a Claude sunset, no cloud was any where but where it should have been, to enhance the intensity of a blue that was truly "Heaven's own"—inimitable, unapproachable by any effort of human art. A light crisp breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, whose shaded borders furnished many a swelling sofa of verdant turf for the loungers, as well as a wide and smooth area for the exertions of the nimble-footed. Here we alighted; here were our shining steeds tethered among the oak bushes to browse, to their very great satisfaction; our flags were planted, and, to omit nothing appropriate to the occasion, our salute was fired, with the aid of what a young lady who went into becoming hysterics declared to be a six-pounder, but which proved on inquiry to be only a horse-pistol; our belle refusing to be convinced, however, on the ground that she had heard a six-pounder go off at Detroit, and certainly ought to know. "Quelle imagination!"—as a French gentleman of our acquaintance used to exclaim admiringly, when his children perpetrated the most elaborate and immeasurable fibs—"quelle imagination!"

When this was over, Mr. Towson, a very tall and slender young gentleman, who is considered (and I believe not without reason,) a promising youth, proposed reading the Declaration of Independence, and had drawn out his pocket-handkerchief for the purpose, observing very appositely that if it had not been for that declaration we should never have been keeping Independence on the shores of Onion Lake, when he was voted down; every body talking at once, to make it clear that a sail on the said lake ought to precede the reading. Mr. Towson assented with the best grace he could muster, to a decision that reduced him, for the present at least, to a place in the ranks, and offering his arm to Miss Weatherwax, an imaginative young lady, a belle from a rival village, he attempted with a very gallant air to lead the way to the larger of the two boats provided for our accommodation. Now it so happened that this said large boat, having a read handkerchief displayed aloft, had been by common consent styled

"the Commodore;" and these advantages being considered, it may readily be inferred that each and every individual who meant to "tempt the waves" had secretly resolved to secure a seat in it. But as the unlucky beau urged his fair companion forward, another, who had been deeply engaged with two of our own belles in the discussion of a paper of sweeties, observing a movement towards the beach, was on the alert in an instant, and with a lady on each arm made first way to the Commodore; all scattering sugar-plums as they went, to serve as a clue to those who might choose to follow in their wake. Not among these was the spirited Mr. Towson. He declared that the other boat would be far pleasanter, and Miss Weatherwax being quite of his opinion, he led her to the best (i. e. the driest) seat in it, and procured a large green branch, which he held over her by way of parasol, or rather awning. The company in general now followed, taking seats, since the *ton* was thus divided, in either boat, as choice or convenience dictated. All seemed very well, though this was in fact the beginning of an unfortunate split, which from that moment divided our company into parties; the largest, viz., that which took possession of "The Commodore," claiming of course to be the orthodox, or regular line, while the other was considered only an upstart, or opposition concern. The latter, as usual, monopolised the wit. They amused themselves by calling the exclusives "squatters," "preamptioners," &c. and reiterated so frequently their self-congratulations upon having obtained seats in the smaller craft, that it might be shrewdly guessed they wished themselves any where else.

The sail was long and hot, especially to the excluded; for the Commodore having made at once for a narrow part of the lake, shaded by overhanging trees, and enjoying the advantages of a breeze from the south, dignity required that the other boat should take an opposite course. It accordingly meandered about under the broiling sun, until the reflection from the water had baked the ladies' faces into a near resemblance to that of the rising harvest moon; these very ladies with the heroic self-devotion of martyrs, declaring they never had so pleasant a sail in their lives.

Meanwhile, those of us whom advanced years or soberer taste disposed rather to tea and talk than to songs and sailing, were busily engaged in arranging to the best advantage the variety of good things provided for the refreshment of the company. This proved by no means so easy a task as the uninitiated may suppose. Our party, which was originally to have been a small one, had swelled by degrees to something like forty persons, by the usual process of adding, for various good reasons, people who were at first voted out. No agreement having been entered into as to the classification of the articles to be furnished by each, it proved, on unpacking the baskets, that there had been an inconvenient unanimity of taste in the selection. At least one dozen good housewives had thought it like enough every body would forget butter; so that we had enough of a fluid article so called to have smoothed the lake in case of a tempest. Then we had dozens and dozens of extra knives and forks, and scarce a single spoon; acres of pie with very few plates to eat it from; tea-kettles and tea-pots, but no cups and saucers. The young men with a never-to-be-sufficiently-commended gallantry, had provided good store of lemons, which do not grow in the oak-openings; but alas! though sugar was reasonably abundant, we searched in vain for any thing which would answer to hold our sherbet, and all the baskets turned out afforded but six tumblers.

These and similar matters were still under discussion, and much ingenuity had been evinced in the suggestion of substitutes, when one of the boating parties announced its return by the discharge of the same piece of ordnance which had frightened Miss Weatherwax from her propriety, on our arrival. We now hastened our preparation for the repast, and some of the gentlemen having procured some deliciously cool water from a spring at a little distance, and borrowed a large tin pail and sundry other conveniences from a lady whose log-house showed picturesquely from the depths of the wood, the lemonade was prepared, and all things declared ready. But the other boat, the opposition line, as it was denominated in somewhat pettish fun, still kept its distance. Handkerchiefs were waved; the six-pounder horse-pistol went off with our last charge of powder; but the "spunky" craft still continued veering about, determined neither to see nor hear our signals. It was now proposed that we should proceed without the seceders, but to this desperate measure the more prudent part of the company made strenuous objection. So we waited with grumbling politeness till it suited the left branch of our troop to rejoin us, which gave time to warm the lemonade and cool the tea. We tried to look good-humoured or indifferent; but there were some on whose unpliant brows frowns left their trace, though smiles shone faint below. The late arrival laughed a good deal; quite boisterously, we thought, and boasted what a charming time they had.

"Had you any music?" asked Mr. Towson of Mr. Turner, the hero of the Commodore's crew, with an air of friendly interest.

"No," said the respondent, taken by surprise.

"Ah! there now! what a pity! I wish you had been near us, that you might have had the benefit of ours! The ladies sang 'Bonnie Doon,' and every thing; and 'I see them on their winding way;' and — it went like ile, Sir."

"Winding way!" you might have seen yourselves on your winding way, if you'd been where we was!" said the rival beau, with an air of deep scorn. "What made you go wheeling about in the sun so?"

"Fishing, Sir—the ladies were a-fishing, Sir!"

"Fishing! Did you catch any thing?"

"No, Sir! we did not catch any thing! We did not wish to catch any thing! We were fishing for amusement, Sir!"

"Oh!—ah! fishing for amusement, eh!"

But here the call to the banquet came just in time to stop the fermentation before it reached the acetous stage, and brows and pocket-kerchiefs were smoothed as we disposed ourselves in every variety of Roman attitude, and some that Rome in all her glory never knew, reclining round the long-drawn array of table-cloths, upon whose undulating surface our multitudinous refreshment was deployed. Shawls, cloaks, and buffalo-robos formed our couches—giant oaks our pillared roof. We had tin pails and cups to match, instead of vases of marble and goblets of burning gold. But nobody missed these imaginary advantages. Talk flagged not, as it is apt to do amid scenes of cumbrous splendour, and the merry laugh of the young and happy rang far through the greenwood, unrestrained by the fear of reproach or ridicule. Exclusivism and all its concomitants were forgotten during tea-time.

We shall return to this pleasant volume next week.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

We have, from time to time, alluded to the literary and educational progress making in Greece, amid all her political confusion; and we find, now, some statistics in the *Courrier d'Athènes* which may assist our readers in their estimate of the matter. In 1838, it appears that the number of students regularly inscribed in the University was 25; in the year which has just expired these had reached the number of 195. This aggregate is divided amongst the faculties as follows:—5 in Theology, 97 in Medicine, 52 in Philosophy, and 41 in Law. So much for the higher branches of Learning: a few ciphers may indicate the state of more general education in the new kingdom. At the close of last year there were in Greece 281 Commercial Schools, attended by 27,400 children; of these schools 34 were for young girls, and had 3,660 scholars. There were, besides, 37 secondary schools and 4 gymnasia, frequented by 5,000 pupils.

The town of Bourges has adopted a measure in regard to the arrangement of its literary collections, which may be offered as a useful hint to provincial libraries in general, amongst ourselves as well as in France; effecting, if it were fully carried out, a simple yet important scheme of classification, and an easy and comprehensive means of reference. By the side of its great library it has established a special library, which is to consist of the works of all authors born in the province, and all the historical and scientific works in general that treat of Bourges and of Berry. This, with some other specialities to which we have heretofore had occasion to advert in the way of recommendation, would constitute a systematic division of the grand general library of a nation that would give a life and a purpose to its several shelves, too long wanting in the great dead-letter repositories.—*Athenæum*.

The centenary of the birthday of Pestalozzi was celebrated, on the 12th inst. throughout the whole of Protestant Switzerland.—*Athenæum*.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

(Concluded from page 82.)

HAVING brought our travellers to the long sought for goal, we must allow them to pause and take breath, before rendering an account of the sublime and splendid prospect which immediately astounded their sight.

"We had thus attained an elevation of 12,154 feet, after a continual ascent of three days, from the level of the plain. During this time we had been too much occupied in surmounting the obstacles which we had encountered in our progress, to be able to contemplate with attention the wonderful panorama, the ex-

tent of which was enlarged every instant. Once on the summit of the peak, we had an opportunity of examining the relative position of the surrounding peaks. The greater portion seemed to extend far beneath us. On the north, we perceived the Faulhorn and the chain of mountains which borders the Lake of Brienne, and behind them the pass of Brunig; then the lakes of Lungenne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rose the Righi and Mount Pilate, whose summits, the glory of so many cockney tourists, appeared to us like molehills! On the east, the eyes wandered over an indefinite chain of mountain peaks.

"On looking towards the south, we perceived on that side the two monarchs of the Bernese Alps, raising their heads side by side—viz. the Rosenlani and the Berglistock. Separated from them by the neck of Lanteraar, we descried the red Schreckhorn, very properly called the 'Peak of Terror,' whilst the last of the groups, the Finsteraarhorn, appeared to overtop its companions. On the right of these two peaks was seen the brilliant Vischerhorn, the nearest of all, beyond which we discovered the three rival peaks, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau, rising together to a height of more than 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic mountains lay the Wengern of the Alps, which looked like a mere undulation, whilst we could scarcely distinguish, far beneath us, the village of Grindelwald and the river of Lutehinen, winding like a silver thread in the midst of the valley.

"On all sides of the peak upon which we were stationed (and on the summit of which twelve persons could hardly find room) we had before our eyes vast and profound precipices, at the foot of which were stretched the plains of snow, and the numerous glaciers, situated still lower down. On our left were observed the higher glaciers of Grindelwald, and those of Lanteraar; and on the right, those of Gault, Reufen, and Rosenlani, above which rose the peaks of Wellhorn, Losenhorn, and Engelhornet.

"We cast greedy glances on this side, the guides having resolved to try and reach the unexplored region of the Rosenlani. We had been about 20 minutes upon the summit, exposed to a violent gale of wind and an intense cold, although in the plain the thermometer marked 93 deg. (of Fahrenheit's scale) during the night. The sudden appearance of some nebulous clouds in the horizon gave us a forewarning, and we consequently commenced our descent of the peak, after having firmly fixed our flag, taking the opposite side to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow which surmount the great glacier of Rosenlani. Seeing the steepness of the slope, we deemed it necessary to sit down and to slide over the snow, directing our course by means of our clamp irons.

"In this manner we descended to the surface of the plateau with the greatest rapidity. There, again, we had need of many precautions, the greater portion of the crevices being covered with a thin bed of freshly-fallen snow, incapable of supporting the weight of a human body.

"After having crossed the plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Rosenhorn. This is an elevated peak, situate at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlani and Reufen, which, at this spot, is confounded with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorn. This region being, like the preceding, a *terra incognita*, our advance became slow and irresolute, and on the descent of the Rosenhorn, our difficulties seemed to increase instead of diminishing.

"The fragments of rocks and the detached stones continually rolled beneath our feet, and fell like a shower of rain into the precipice, at the bottom of which, at a frightful depth, we were able to distinguish the great blue crevices and the points of the glacier of Rosenlani. After having quitted the rocks, we again found ourselves upon inclined planes of snow, so rapid, that we were obliged for a length of time to descend backwards as if upon the steps of a ladder; the hatchet was then in constant requisition. At the foot of one of these steep slopes the snow gave way under our feet, leaving a large crevice about 15 yards in breadth, the opposite edge of which was 20 feet lower than the one on which we found ourselves. This difficulty appeared at first utterly insurmountable, the very guides themselves were disheartened and discouraged, and all followed our advice in the midst of a pause, we at length set our backs against the snow, close to the brink of the precipice which yawned beneath us. At length Jann conceived the hazardous plan of leaping it at one bound! He put it into execution, and reached the lower edge safe and sound. The ropes having been detached, the remainder of the party 'screwed up their courage to the sticking point,' and despair lending us fresh courage, we darted forward by turns above the precipice on the smooth surface of the snow which lay beneath. Our fortunate triumph having vigorously excited us, we prepared to traverse a narrow slope of ice, in which our conductor carefully cut out some steps, when a low noise suddenly arrested our attention. The guides, who happened to be hindmost, violently pulled back the remainder of the party, by means of the ropes, and a second afterwards an immense avalanche rolled down upon the slope that we were preparing to cross, leaving all petrified with dismay at the dreadful danger which we had so narrowly escaped.

"The cloud of snow in which we had been enveloped having dispersed, we resumed our descent, and continued it during three hours, upon a succession of vertical walls of snow and ice, and reached the glacier of Rosenlani at five o'clock. The passage of this glacier much resembles that of the famous glacier at Bossons, on Mont Blanc; the crevices there are so numerous, that there is merely a furrow of ice between them; these furrows being the only path by which the wanderer can advance.

"We had every moment before our eyes icy precipices, which, at every step, seemed ready to swallow up the unfortunate wretch whose presence of mind might have failed, whilst the pinnacles of ice which rose above us often tottered upon their very unstable foundations.

"In our present state of fatigue, the passage of the glacier was very perilous; but the minute care and courage of the guides skillfully prevented the occurrence of any accident; and at eight o'clock in the evening we bade an eternal farewell to these plains of snow and peaks of ice upon which we had trod for seventy successive hours. All danger was now over, and the excitement having ceased, the difficult descent of the rocks and overthrown peaks became insupportably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlani were still far below us; the sombre aspect of the pine forests, which extend themselves at the bottom of the valley, forming a striking contrast with the continual light of the preceding hours.

"Night gradually extended her veil over the surrounding objects, the lights in the houses soon became perceptible, and at 9 p.m. we all arrived safe and sound at the baths of Rosenlani, where a great excitement had prevailed for several hours at the discovery of the flag that floated at the summit of the peak. After having seen four black specks at a prodigious height, and having observed those specks change their positions, the inhabitants of the valley had justly concluded that one of their gigantic mountains was on the point of losing for ever its reputation for inaccessibility.

"The following morning I took leave of the two intrepid chamois hunters, to whom I had been indebted for my preservation on several occasions during the perilous adventures of the preceding days. Soon afterwards I heard that these two unfortunate men had been attacked by a disorder arising from the hardships of their last exploit. As for myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long a sojourn in the midst of the snows of those elevated regions, that is to say, with the loss of the skin of my face and an inflammation in my eyes. We recrossed the great Schiedeck, and arrived at Interlaken on the 20th of July, myself and my guide, who was also in a very pitiable condition; and thus concludes the history of my ascent of the Wetterhorn."

ART.

The committee of the "Auckland Testimonial" have received intelligence that the model for the casting is in diligent progress by Mr. Weekes, who will shortly send out the pedestal. Government has granted a site for the statue within the enclosure to the north of the garden in the Auckland Circus.

TERRA-COTTA CHURCH AT PLATT, NEAR MANCHESTER.—This church is being erected from the designs of Mr. Sharp. Each separate piece of the terra-cotta is cast to the required form, and is much about the same size as a corresponding block of stone. Every piece is hollow, being, as it appeared, afterwards filled or backed up with concrete. They are all nothing more than pots, and from the trial we made, seems to have less cohesive power than brick. Nevertheless, they are made to support great weights. The piers of the church, which appear remarkably slender, are entirely composed of these pots. The plan is the clustre of four shafts. There are the usual defects incidental to the burning; parts of the mullions are out of the perpendicular, and the lines of the window-sill undulate in a very unsatisfactory manner. Indeed, the whole building, though good in design, and not deficient in ornament, will not bear a near approach. The face of each piece is scored with lines to imitate the tooling; and the mortar joints are large and obtruding.—*Builder.*

MUSIC.

A rumour was current in the musical circles on Saturday night, that Covent-garden Theatre had been let for three years for a second Italian opera-house. It was added, that a deposit had been already paid to the proprietors, and that the theatre is to be entirely re-decorated. Names of artists already engaged for this speculation were given—namely, Madame Persiana, Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Frezzolini, Signor Salvi, Signor Tamburini, Signor Ronconi, &c. Grisi and Mario were to join in the season 1847, after the expiration of their engagement at her Majesty's Theatre this season. We give the report without vouching for its accuracy; but we are well aware that

the project of a second Italian company in London has been long on the *tapis*.

Mention has been made of the advent of the Brussels company and of a German troupe. We believe that the coming over of the clever artists of M. Charles Hanssens has been abandoned, but negotiations are pending for the Teutonic.

A correspondent in Berlin has favoured us with the following letter on matters musical in Germany:—"At Vienna our young countryman Littolf has been producing great effects; he is pronounced by the artists and amateurs to possess great genius, and the improvement in his pianoforte playing since he was in England is extraordinary. His powers of composition are very great; he has composed a pianoforte symphony, which Meyerbeer has requested to be dedicated to him. I have been somewhat disappointed with the musical public at Leipsic. I attended one of the concerts there, at which Miss Dolby sang. The enthusiasm upon musical matters is not so great as in many other German towns. The band is compact, smart, and excellent. At Berlin I have had the delight of hearing the far-famed Jenny Lind. She is, indeed, a great artist and a charming creature. At a private party I heard her sing a dozen *morceaux*. She reads any thing at sight, and accompanies, like Malibran. Her features are large, not handsome, but very interesting. Her blue eyes roll about, very much to the danger of her captivated admirers. She is, indeed, a most fascinating person. Meyerbeer's last new opera is to be revived on Tuesday next. Here there are two factions—the Meyerbeerites and the Mendelssohnites; the latter is nowhere so popular as in London."

Other accounts from Berlin state that Spontini's *Vestale* had been revived, and, with Jenny Lind as the heroine, had created a great sensation.

Letters from Paris describe the discontent of the subscribers to the *Italiens* at M. Vatel's attempts to deprive the public of Grisi. Verdi's *Ernani*, or *Il Proscritto*, had been a failure on account of the substitution of an inferior artist, Teresina Brambilla, for the gifted Diva. Balfe's opera nightly increased in estimation at the *Académie Royale*.

The *dansesuses* have not been fortunate in Italy. Fanny Elssler, at Rome, was prohibited from playing her best part, *Esmeralda*, which his Holiness thought was as perilous for the Roman public as railroads. Cerito, being indisposed, had given offence at Turin. Adele Dumilatre did not please at Milan; and a Russian *danseuse*, Madlle. Andrianoff, was to replace her.

Liszt, the pianist, and Anna Thillon, the vocalist, have been latterly the great guns of Belgium.

The most interesting items from Germany are, that the reigning Duke of Coburg (the brother of Prince Albert) has composed an opera, which will be produced at the Gotha Theatre under the direction of Drouet, the once celebrated flutist, but now chapel-master at Coburg; and that Mr. Aguillar, an English pianist, is meeting with success at Frankfort.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Signor Costa is no longer the conductor of the Italian Opera. Mr. Balfe was in town last week, and signed his engagement for the ensuing season in place of Signor Costa. The reason of the secession of the latter has been whispered. It is rumoured that the pretext for his dismissal has been his acceptance of the post of conductor of the Philharmonic Society! But we can scarcely attach credit to this statement, for his position at that national institution must have conferred additional honour to, and have assisted opera interests. We will not now dwell on surmises, since the facts must come before the public officially, for the withdrawal of an ancient musician, who by his talents has created one of the finest orchestras in the world, will exact an explanation.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Madame ALBERT took her benefit here on Wednesday evening, on which occasion her Majesty and Prince ALBERT, with their suite, honoured the theatre with their presence. The entertainments selected were, *Marie, ou la Perle de Savoie*, a piece so popular in Paris that it has had a consecutive run there of four hundred nights, and *Le Troisième Mari*, which Madame ALBERT has also rendered very popular in the French capital. We must confess, for our own poor part, that we liked the latter very much better than the former, not that it is intrinsically a production of higher merit, by no means, but simply because the farce is very gay and laughable, and the comedy, for the most part, very *lampassé*, to say nothing of its being five acts long, a circumstance which we regard as an utter atrocity in all cases, SHAKESPEARE and a few other—a very few other—writers excepted. We do hope that Mr. MITCHELL will not have any more five-act comedies, not even MOLIÈRE'S. What we seek in his theatre, and what we have hitherto found there most amply, are pleasant, joyous evenings—three hours (from eight to eleven) of light, sparkling comediettas

and vaudevilles. It is just, however, to say, that *Marie* was admirably performed. Madame ALBERT was ably supported by CARTIGNY, RHOZEVL, and NARCISSE; and Mademoiselle ANNA GRAVE filled the part of *Chonchon* with infinite spirit. The house was a crowded one.

HAYMARKET.—The Misses CUSHMAN have returned to these boards, and are greeted with even increased enthusiasm. The house is thronged in every part on the nights of their appearance, and the applause is earnest and repeated. The best proof that their fame is substantial is afforded by the fact, that they not only preserve the good opinion won when their performance was a novelty, but repetition has brought out many points of excellence, not noted at first. Miss CUSHMAN's *Romeo* is remarkable for the passion that pervades it. In this, especially as exhibited in the scene in *Friar Lawrence's* cell, she surpasses any performer that has appeared since the days of KEAN. Her *Romeo* is, indeed, the best the British stage has produced in our day. But Miss SUSAN CUSHMAN's *Juliet* is scarcely less remarkable. It is quite original. She has made more of the character than any *Juliet* we have seen. It is the most natural *Juliet* we have ever beheld. The balcony scene was perfect, and that with the *Nurse*, when she returns with *Romeo's* message, was exquisitely real. Altogether it forms one of the most intellectual treats at this time offered by any of the theatres; and we recommend every lover of good acting to enjoy it before these ladies take their departure.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. MACREADY resumed his engagement here on Monday, in the character of *King Lear*. We have so emphatically, on former occasions, expressed our full concurrence in the general admiration of this great tragedian, that any criticism on the subject now would be superfluous. His engagement is only for a limited period, and we would therefore recommend those who desire to see his exquisite embodiment of Shakspeare's finest creations to make no delay. There was a very full house assembled on the occasion. Mr. MACREADY was ably supported by the other principal members of the company. Mr. MADDOX is entitled to our warm thanks for the energetic enterprise which enables us to enjoy these truly Shakspearian evenings.

THE ADELPHI.—The Christmas pieces continue to attract crowded and delighted audiences. The pantomime is one of the best the season has produced. The masks are inimitable.

THE BALLET.—The remuneration of ballet writers in Paris is thus described by a French paper:—"For a ballet they receive 170 francs for the first forty representations, and 50 francs on every succeeding night. In the composition of a ballet three hands are engaged; the author of the fable or libretto, the choregraph who interprets the letter-press by gestures, and the composer of the music; each of these receives 56 francs and 66 centimes for the first forty nights, and 16 francs 66 centimes for the remainder. A little opera is paid for at the rate of 370 francs on the first night, and 100 francs afterwards; and as there are but two parties to divide the receipts between them, the opera is of course by far the most profitable. For example, while forty representations of a ballet give 6,800 francs, to be divided between three persons, an operetta will bring 13,600 francs to be divided into two portions only."—*Musical World*.

The example set by the literary amateurs who enlisted the drama, and the curiosity attaching to their names as actors, in the cause of benevolence, is about to be followed by the artists,—the exertions of these latter gentlemen, however, being appropriately dedicated to the service of their own professional brethren. A body of them have announced a private subscription dramatic performance, to take place at the St. James's Theatre, on Tuesday next, in aid of the fund of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The pieces selected are *The School of Reform*, *Bombastes Furioso*, and *A Day Well Spent*,—but the names of the artists taking part in the performance are not given.—The printers, too, are, we see, about to become actors, for the benefit of their Pension Society—having announced a dramatic performance for the 7th of February.

THE COLOSSEUM.—The performances of music on the organ, in the Sculpture Gallery, are varied from week to week; so that the visitor never wearies of ranging in this magnificent room, surrounded by the gems of art.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Dr. Ryan, the chemical lecturer of the above establishment, has resumed the subject of general chemistry, for which he is so deservedly celebrated. His lecture on Thursday was on the subject of heat, introductory to an extended series explanatory of the application of chemistry to the general purposes of life. We need scarcely say that the lecture was listened to by a crowded audience with breathless attention. We are more and more convinced of the high character and moral influence of this splendid institution, especially while its professors take so much pains to bring the most abstruse subjects of scientific knowledge before their auditors in so plain and yet so healthy a guise. If we might offer a fitting subject or series of subjects for a future course, we would suggest to him, as a text-book, the report of the health of towns commis-

sioners. There he would find a wide and legitimate field for his powers as a medical or chemical teacher. Dr. Bachhoffner continues his admirable lectures on natural philosophy, and by his agreeable manner of delivery, completely rivets the attention of his audience. The ability of the learned lecturer, in blending simplicity with science, renders these lectures admirably adapted for our young friends, who, while they receive great instruction, must be agreeably entertained.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONG OF THE SWIMMER.

(Adapted from George Sand's recent novel "Teverino,"

Vide chap. VI.)

Float on, in gay barge and bright vessel
Ye sons of the rich and the proud!
I shall pass you as swift as you cloud
O'er the sun,—for I know how to wrestle
With surf and with swell, and can manage them well,
As I dart thro' the sea;
Tho' poor I'm no slave, but the king of the wave,
Tho' naked, your master, and free!

Speed on, Italia's proud daughters!
Flit past in your light gilded boats!
In vain would you hide—as it floats—
My form from your sight, with loud laughter
And blushes!—in vain ye strive to restrain
Your glances that follow my limbs and black hair,
As it sweeps o'er the breadth of my white shoulders bare,
While I dash through the sea;
Tho' poor, I'm no slave, but a king of the wave,
Tho' naked, your master, and free!

Swim, birds of the ocean and river!
With coral feet part the green brine!—
Like a skiff shall I urge my path thro' the surge,
And make my speed equal to thine:
To the seaweeds and shells where thy nestlings repose
I'll follow thee swift through the salt billow's drift;
For the wave of the proud ocean knows
That tho' ragged ashore,
I'm a king on the sea,—
And tho' naked and poor,
Still your master, and free!

Jan. 1846. CALDER CAMPBELL.

NECROLOGY.

THE RIGHT HON. J. H. FRERE.

THE daily papers announce the death of the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, at Malta, on the 7th inst. and in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mr. Frere was educated at Eton, where he had Canning for a school companion. He evinced a love for verse when very young, and made, then only an Eton school-boy, his clever translation of the Anglo-Saxon War-Song on the Victory of Athelstan, written when the Rowley Controversy was at its height, and intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century. George Ellis gave it a place in his Historical Essay before his Specimens of the Poets; and Scott invariably spoke of it as something more than a mere curiosity—as an admirable rendering from one language into another, thought for thought and word for word, and yet without a slavish servility. "I have only met," he says, "in my researches into these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the War-Song on the Victory at Brunanburg, translated from Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman, by the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere." Few, we fear, have ever heard of this felicitous translation; but it is well enough known to the student of English poetry, and has had its influence. We may say the same of another of Mr. Frere's works, the once-celebrated "Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Hemp and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table"—the precursor and original of Byron's "Beppo" and "Don Juan." "I have written," says Byron, "a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft, whom I take to be Mr. Frere." "Whistlecraft" has long been out of print. There are humour and wit and a light playful strain of versification about it; but the style is the staple of the book. In Byron's hands "the thing became a trumpet,"—as Wordsworth sings of the sonnet in Milton's hands. Another poem, in the same metre, called "The Monks and the Giants," is inferior to "Whistlecraft," but it is not destitute of point or devoid of humour. His "Frogs

of Aristophanes" we have never seen—a few copies were privately printed for the author's friends, but the book, we believe, was never published. We may add to these brief particulars of Mr. Frere, that he assisted Canning in "The Anti-Jacobin;" that he was our ambassador in Spain during a part of the Peninsular War; that many amusing stories are told of his absence of mind; and that he was in the receipt, at his death, of a "diplomatic pension" of 1516*l*.—*Athenæum*.

PROFESSOR DIETERICH.

Professor Dieterich, historical painter and instructor in the School of Art at Stuttgart, died in that city on the 14th inst. in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was born at Biberach, of poor parentage, and, having given early proofs of his talent, was placed by the government under the tuition of Everhard Wächter, and afterwards sent to Rome to complete his education. His best works in oil are the altar-piece in the Catholic Church of Stuttgart, the resurrection of Christ, and the patriarch Abraham, in the public picture-gallery; he had also produced some good frescoes.

JOURNAL OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an honest informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

MELBROOK'S CHEMICAL RAZOR REGULATOR.—Next to a good razor as an acquisition to the toilet is a good razor-strop. Multitudinous have been the endeavours of ingenious men to perfect this indispensable assistant, and with various degrees of success. We have tried many, but in justice to Mr. Melbrook we are bound to observe that we have never used one that so well accomplished its object. Our readers are aware that in this division of THE CRITIC no paragraph is admitted by way of puff, and, when an authority is not cited, the remarks on new inventions are our own, and are offered as the result of personal examination and not from hearsay, so that the reader may feel a confidence in the honesty at least, if not in the soundness, of the judgment pronounced on the novelties submitted for inspection. In this manner it is that we have tried Mr. Melbrook's new razor strop, and have no hesitation in stating that it has answered its purpose admirably.

MAGNETISM AND LIGHT.—On Friday the 23rd inst. the weekly meetings of the members of the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, commenced for the season, on which occasion Professor Faraday delivered a lecture on "Magnetism and Light." The recent discoveries in this branch of science made by the indefatigable Professor himself have always created a great sensation in the scientific world, and a very crowded audience was therefore attracted to listen to the details of them. Our limits prevent us from giving a complete report of this interesting lecture; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with presenting an abstract of the principal points adverted to. In common with many scientific men, Professor Faraday has long been persuaded that among the various powers of nature, or physical forces, as they are termed, although producing different classes of effects in their operations on matter, there exists a close relation—that, in fact, they are connected by a common origin, have a reciprocal dependence on one another, and are capable, under certain conditions, of being converted the one into the other. Ersted, in 1820, showed that electricity could be made a source of magnetism; and Faraday subsequently proved that magnetism, combined with motion, might be made the source of electricity. That there existed a relation between these powers and light, also has long been a prevailing opinion amongst philosophers; but all efforts to detect this relation have been unsuccessful until within a few months past, when Professor Faraday, by a long-continued series of experiments, discovered that a ray of light may be electrified and magnetized, and that lines of magnetic force may be rendered luminous. The experiment by which the link of connection between two great natural forces is established is this:—A ray of light issuing from the argand lamp is first polarised in the horizontal plane by reflection from a glass mirror, and is then made to pass through a tube of glass, inclosed in a hollow cylinder of iron, which is in its turn placed within a helix of copper wire; thus, by connection with a voltaic battery, the iron is converted into a

hollow electro-magnet. The polarised ray, on its emergence from the glass, is viewed through a Nicol's eye-piece, capable of revolving on a horizontal axis, so as to interrupt it or allow it to be transmitted alternately in the different phases of its revolution. If the eye-piece be now turned so as to render the ray invisible to the observer looking through it, it becomes immediately visible when connection is established between a battery and the helix; in other words, the moment the iron is converted into an electro-magnet, and it again becomes invisible when the circuit is interrupted. Thus it is evident that the plane of polarization has been changed; that the beam of light has, like an electrified wire, arranged itself at right angles to the magnet, thus following the universal law. The effect is produced, though in a less degree, when the polarized ray is subjected to the action of a permanent magnet, and it is also weaker when a single pole only is employed. The magnetic action causes the plane of polarization of the polarized ray to rotate, for the ray becomes again visible by turning the eye-piece to a certain extent. The direction of this rotation when the magnetic influence issues from the south pole is right-handed, that is to say, the polarized ray rotates in the same direction as the circulation of the currents of positive electricity, or those hypothetical currents which, according to Ampere's theory, circulate in the substance of a steel magnet. The rotation is invariably in one direction; dependent, however, on the direction of the ray and the magnetic force. In this respect it differs from those bodies which exhibit the phenomena of circular polarization—for in some of these, as is known, the rotation takes place to the right, in others to the left. When such substances are used, the natural and the superinduced powers tend to produce either the same or opposite rotations. Such, in brief, is the explanation of this most important discovery, upon which we would willingly, were we able, dwell more largely.

MAGNETISM.—Connected in some measure with the interesting researches of Professor Faraday into the relation between light and magnetism, are some investigations of Mr. Robert Hunt, who has very recently discovered that precipitation and crystallization are influenced by magnetism. If a glass trough filled with any fluid from which a precipitate is slowly forming be placed on the poles of a powerful magnet, it is found that this precipitate arranges itself in the magnetic curves. Crystallization, taking place under the same circumstances, exhibits also the influence of magnetism on the molecular arrangement, all the crystals bending and arranging themselves in the order of the magnetic curves. The experiment is best exhibited by filling a trough with a solution of nitrate of silver, placing it upon the poles of the magnet, and then dropping a globule of mercury on the glass, equidistant from the poles of the magnet; the revived silver shoots out in all directions in an aborescent form; maintaining in a striking manner the curvilinear tendency, and distinctly marking out the lines of magnetic direction. The results already obtained by Mr. Hunt induced the belief that this influence is universal; and if satisfactorily proved to be so, we shall certainly approach much nearer to the truth regarding the influences of electricity on the structure of the earth.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science. No. LXXXVI. for January. Edinburgh, MacLachlan and Co.

THE articles in this number of a journal which has the merit of steadily adhering to its object for years, and which has contributed so largely to the extension of Mental Philosophy, are few, but of great interest and value. The first is from the pen of Mr. RICHARD CULL, and treats of "The Perception of Metre and Rhythmus, both in Language and in Music;" it is the only formal endeavour we remember to have seen to handle this subject philosophically, in its relationship to mind. It should be read by all who study either poetry or music. This is followed by "Remarks on the Supposed Domestication of some of the Lower Animals," by JOHN STARR, Esq. in which it is contended that certain animals possess an instinct of sociability. Mr. HYTCHE follows with an essay "On the

Function and Nomenclature of the Organ called Wonder." In the opening of this paper, the author observes that in Phrenology a precise nomenclature is especially desirable, and he instances the organ of Time, which is commonly termed "Music," although the function is limited strictly to a perception of tune, whereas "music" is made up of "time" and "tune." In like manner there is much current misunderstanding of the function of the organ of Wonder. We will, therefore, extract Mr. HYTCHE's definition of it:—

If the foregoing remarks are correct, the application of the principle indicated to the organ called "Wonder," is demanded; for, as I shall endeavour to shew, no name is more likely to mislead the uninitiated respecting its function. Every fact which has been collected tends to prove that it is the eliminator of instinctive confidence, and of unflinching faith in those things which are declared to exist, but which cannot be mathematically demonstrated. Men, for example, may be separated into two classes, of which we find types in the cold sceptical Voltaire, and in the earnest, believing Carlyle; and, on examination, it is found that the one class has the organ feebly, and the other largely developed. Wherever the organ is deficient, we trace a want of earnestness, a tendency to doubt anything but commonplace narrations; and, if the reflective organs predominate, there is a manifest disposition to repudiate all that cannot be rigidly demonstrated. Such persons are rarely enthusiastic: when they adopt a novel theory, or urge its reception on others, their adhesion springs more from the intellect than from the feelings. When the organ is ungoverned, then credulity is generated, and, to the illiterate, the appearance of ghosts, and the foreshadowing of events by omens and dreams, become as irrefragable facts. Now, it is obvious that the term "Wonder" does not indicate this unwavering faith, but an entirely opposite emotion; for it implies astonishment, if not incredulity, and is expressive of that startled emotion which is aroused whenever some unexpected or unaccountable event has occurred. The natural language of emotional wonder is found in the uplifted eyebrow, and in that half-questioning, half-sneering curl of the lip, which declares, as plainly as possible, that the statement is incredible.

Mr. HYTCHE concludes that a new name should be given to the simple faculty hitherto termed Wonder, and proposes FAITH as that which more distinctly describes the operation of the faculty. For his very interesting facts and reasonings, the reader should turn to the article itself. The fourth article is by Mr. E. P. HURLBURT, of New York, "On the Right of Religious Freedom," and that is followed by some interesting "Correspondence of Dr. GALL."

The second division of the *Phrenological Journal* consists of cases and facts, the first of which is an elaborate examination of the cerebral development of RAPHAEL, by Mr. GEORGE COMBE; next are some further contributions to the "Statistics and Pathology of Mental Diseases," by Dr. WEBSTER. It appears, from a collection of extensive observations, that insanity increases with the temperature—the numbers in the winter months being upwards of 20 per cent. less than in the summer months. The most cheering results have followed from the abandonment of the system of restraint in asylums. In Bethlehem Hospital 68 per cent. of those who used to be kept in restraint are now at liberty and with improved health, corporeal and mental. Anxious to ascertain whether insanity is, as the phrenologists contend, produced by disease of the brain, Dr. WEBSTER took notice of 108 dissections after deaths in Bethlehem Hospital. The result was that in every case there was evident disease of the brain—morbid alteration of structure. Following this valuable paper is a very curious case of "Intermittent Mental Disorder of the Tertian Type, with Double Consciousness," communicated by Dr. DAVID SKAE, the subject being an unmarried gentleman in the prime of life, connected with the legal profession. About ten years since he first became affected with dyspepsia, which has been of late succeeded by a train of morbid feelings and illusions founded upon them. He became hypochondriac, almost amounting to insanity. It was observed that his symptoms displayed an aggravation on each alternate day: one day he was on the verge of insanity, the next perfectly well.

What is chiefly remarkable and interesting in the present features of the case, is the sort of double existence which the individual appears to have. On those days on which he is affected with his malady, he appears to have no remembrance whatever of the previous or of any former day on which he was comparatively well, nor of any of the engagements of those days;—he cannot tell whether he was out, nor what he did, nor whom he

saw, nor any transaction in which he was occupied. Neither does he anticipate any amendment on the succeeding day, but contemplates the future with unmitigated despondency. On the intermediate days, on the other hand, he asserts he is quite well, denies that he has any complaints, or at least evades any reference to them; appears satisfied that he was as well the previous day as he then is, asserts that he was out, and that he has no particular complaints. On that day he transacts business, takes food and exercise, and appears in every respect rational and free from any illusions or despondency; anticipates no return of illness, and persists in making engagements for the next day for the transaction of business, although reminded and assured that he will be unfit for attending to them. On those days he distinctly remembers the transactions of the previous days on which he was well, but appears to have little or no recollection of the occurrences of the days on which he was ill. He appears, in short, to have a double consciousness—a sort of twofold existence—one half of which he spends in the rational enjoyment of life and discharge of its duties; and the other, in a state of hopeless hypochondriacism, amounting almost to complete mental aberration.

Another case of double consciousness is recorded by Dr. MAYO, physician to the Marylebone Infirmary.

In the spring of 1831, my attention was called to a very singular nervous affection, of which I subjoin some memoranda. It was considered by me, and so named at the time, an unusual form of hysteria. I afterwards found that similar cases have been arranged by Dr. Abercrombie under a specific title, that of "double consciousness." It also possesses common points with the remarkable states produced by the manipulations of the mesmerisers.

April 1831.—Elizabeth Moffat, resident at Tunbridge Wells, a healthy girl, aged about 18, having swallowed by mistake some Unguentum Lyttæ, a long train of symptoms of pain and irritation in the head, thoracic region, and bladder, ensued. These gradually subsided, but left an extreme susceptibility of pain in the head from either sound or contact, so that in either case she readily became insensible, particularly from pressure on the vertex. On this physical state the following mental phenomena supervened. She appeared to pass alternately, and in succession, through two different states of mental existence; or rather, I might say, her normal state was exchanged for an abnormal one, which I shall presently describe, out of which she would return, sometimes after it had lasted some weeks, into the normal one,—her passages from either state into the other occurring suddenly. The phenomena of her abnormal state were those of extreme excitement, entirely dissimilar to her natural habit, which was dull and quiet. Under this state she made considerable progress in needle-work, and in many points of intellectual acquirements, far beyond the energy and ability of her normal condition. She became also lively and spirited in conversation. At the same time she lost her consciousness of her relation to her father and mother, and former associates, calling them by wrong names. She was, however, at no time incoherent. On the subsidence of her abnormal state, her recollection of her father, mother, and friends, in their just relation to her, would return, and she would resume her quiet and dull character; she would also resume her true position and respectful manners towards some ladies of Tunbridge Wells, from whom she was receiving kindness and instruction; meanwhile, in both her states, the normal and abnormal one, the associations which have taken place in each are obstinately retained without the smallest confusion, but in each with a total oblivion of what has been learnt in the other state. Thus, in her normal state, she will have entirely forgotten all those manual or intellectual acquirements which she may have made during that of excitement, and every attempt to instruct her in these points will utterly fail.

The phenomena exhibited in both of these cases are sufficiently familiar to all acquainted practically with vital magnetism; their value lies in the testimony thus borne to it by gentlemen who are the opponents of Mesmerism.

Among the intelligence collected at the end of the number, there is one gratifying announcement. It is the formal official appointment of a lecturer on Phrenology at Anderson's University in Glasgow.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CURIOUS LETTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.—At the fourth meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, the president handed round a most interesting letter, of which the following is an exact copy, addressed by King Charles I., then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, to the governor of Newfoundland,

recommending to his good offices Lady Hopkins, the wife of Sir William Hopkins, one of his staunch adherents. By whom the body of it was written is rather uncertain, but the concluding part, and the signature, are the undoubted autograph of the unfortunate monarch, penned a few weeks previous to his execution. The original was found amongst a mass of contemporary papers in Mr. Yates's library, relating to the times of the Commonwealth:—"To Sir David Kink—Your sister, my Lady Hopkins, with her family, having occasion to visit you in Newfoundland, I thought good to desire you, whether by your advice in the business of that country, or otherwise in any kind, as her occasion shall require, to afforde her your best assistance. And although I make no question, but this would have bin don, in regard of the neere alliance ther is betwixt you; yet I must tell you withall that I wish soe well both to her and her husband, that I would not omitt to doe my part alsoe, whensoever I suppose I may stand them in any stead; And doe therefore assure you that what kindness you shall show to any of them, I shall take it as an Especial service don to my selfe, and be ready to requite it. And soe I bidd you hartly farewell And rest Your friend, Charles R. Newport Novembe 11th, 1648."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

REMARKABLE FACT.—COMPETITION.—The situation of secretary to the Manchester Athenæum having become vacant, no fewer than 440 applicants sent in their credentials!—Salary only 150*l*. But what is most curious in the matter, is the fact, and it is stated on the authority of one of the directors, that out of so large a number, there was not a single application from a resident of Manchester.—*Manchester Courier*.

We understand that Washington Irving, the distinguished American writer, and author of "Sketches of the Alhambra," is at present in Birmingham, on a visit with his brother-in-law, Henry Van Wart, Esq.—*Birmingham Journal*.

St. Helena can now, it seems, boast of an entire newspaper to itself! A weekly journal, entitled the *St. Helena Gazette*, has recently started into existence on this sterile and isolated rock. It contains government notifications, advertisements, shipping reports, police cases, a price current, and extracts from the English and Cape papers—but, so far as we can learn, no editorials! Whether these rather material adjuncts to the readableness of a newspaper are omitted under fear of a censorship, or simply from the want of *matériel* for their concoction, we are not informed.

The first annual meeting of the members of the Walworth Literary and Scientific Institution was held on Tuesday evening. From the report of the Committee of Management it appeared that the society was in a very flourishing state; ten months after its formation it numbered six hundred members; all expenses had been met by subscriptions and donations, and there was a small balance in hand.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Jan. 24 to Jan. 31.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Amos's (A. Esq.) Four Lectures on the Advantages of a Classical Education, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Adams's (Rev. John) *Lectiones Selectæ*; or, Select Latin Lessons, 15th edit. 18mo. 1s. cl.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, with Notes and Memoir, by Rev. A. Dyce, Vol. X. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Bland's (Rev. R.) *Elements of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters*, 18th edit. revised and corrected throughout, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Ciceronis Cato Major, Lælius, *Somnium Scipionis*, et *Epistolæ Selectæ*, edidit G. Ferguson, A.M. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Crostwaite's (Rev. J. C.) *Modern Hagiology*, 2 vols. 8vo. 9s. cl.
Decorations of the Garden Pavilion, in the Grounds of Buckingham Palace, folio, 1*l*. 11s. 6d. cl.—Dodd's *Parliamentary Companion for 1846*, 14th year, royal 32mo. 4s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Eldon's (Lord Chancellor) Life, by Horace Twiss, 3rd ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 1s. cl.—Everett's (Alex. H.) *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, crown 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.
Ferguson's *System of Practical Surgery*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Hand-Book of Oil Painting, by an American artist, crown 8vo. 9s. cl.—Hobbes's English Works, collected and edited by Sir W. Molesworth, Bart. 11 vols. 8vo. Vols. VII. and XI. completing the work, 1*l*. cl.—Hennen's (Lucy Cobham) *Sentiments and Experience*, and other Remains, with Introductory Remarks, by Rev. R. Montgomery, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Hall's (T. G.) *Elements of Algebra*, 2nd edit. crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.

Jacob's Latin Reader, Part I. with Explanatory Notes, 10th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.; ditto, Part II. 12mo. 3s. cl.
 Lays of the Sea and other Poems, by Personne, fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Michelet's (J.) History of France, translated by G. H. Smith, Part V. royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd. (Whittaker's Popular Library.)—Michelet's, (J.) Priests, Women, and Families, translated by Cocks, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Marshall's (H.) Military Miscellany, 8vo. 10s. cl.—Montholon's (Gen. Count) History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. cl.
 Peter Parley's Wonders of History, 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Pamela Fancinilla, by Carlo Goldoni, with translation of difficult words and idioms, 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.
 Quain's (Dr.) Anatomy, by Sharpey and Quain, 5th edit. Part II. 8vo. 14s. cl.
 Sacred Verses with Pictures, edited by Rev. J. Williams, B.D. 4to. 12s. cl.—Short Stories and Poems for Children, Original and Select, 40 wood engravings, square 12mo. 3s. cl.
 Three Kingdoms, a Book for the Young, fc. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Thoughts on Finance and Colonies, by Publius, royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Teerstegen's (Gerhard) Life and Character, with Selections from his Writings, translated by S. Jackson, 4th edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Thurnham's (Dr. John) Observations and Essays on the Statistics of Insanity, 8vo. 14s. cl.—The Young Instructed in Gospel Narrative, with Preface, by Rev. Dr. Drew, First Series, 16mo. 4s. cl.
 Virgil's Æneid, Anthon's Edition, with English Notes, adapted by Rev. F. Metcalf, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, 5th edit. pt. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
 Wellesley's (Marquess) Memoir and Correspondence, by Robert R. Pearce, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

First 100 Numbers of the Nonconformist Newspaper.
 Alison's Europe, vols. VI. to X.
 Woodward's Terrestrial Globe to 1845.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

LONDON GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Geological Society of London was held in their rooms in Somerset House, on the 21st instant, Leonard Horner, esq. president, in the chair. Professor Sedgwick read a paper on the Palæogoric Rocks of Cumberland, pointing out the different varieties of fossils discovered in the upper and lower Silurian series of rocks, with the number of species peculiar to each stratum, and those common to both, lists to which the professor attached much importance, as likely to afford data on which to prosecute other inquiries on a sound basis. He particularly alluded to the remarkable specimens found in Ravonsdale, and referred the observations which he addressed to the meeting to the whole south flank of the Cumberland chain of mountains, whether absolutely in that shire or continued into Yorkshire or Lancashire. He also took a rapid view of the geological features of North Wales. Professor Murchison and Mr. Sharp each expressed some doubt of the accuracy of the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Sedgwick, and stated to the meeting their respective ideas on the subject, at the same time giving him full credit for the general accuracy of his statements, and their approval of the sections, &c. which were exhibited. The secretary, W. H. Hamilton, esq. read two papers from Mr. Dawson, on the fossils of the coal formations of Nova Scotia, with observations on the drift-wood rafts found in a petrified state near Wallace Harbour, and the casts of Stigmario Sigillaria, &c. found in the different strata. These papers were illustrated by carefully prepared diagrams. A notice of stones near Merthyr Tydvil, called Jack-stones, by Mr. Dickenson, was also read by the secretary, after which the meeting separated.

LONGEVITY OF DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.—At the meeting of the Statistical Society, held on the 20th instant, which was very numerously attended, Dr. Guy, Physician to King's College Hospital, read an interesting paper on the duration of life amongst the gentry compared with that of the aristocracy, including the peerage and baronetage. The deductions were made from a large number of statistical details, and the most favourable expectations ran in the order of females, professional men, gentry, and aristocracy. It also appeared that the duration of life amongst the higher classes has differed very materially at different periods. It varies with their rank, being lowest in the highest, and highest in the lowest rank; and a large variety of facts and tables were exhibited showing that it ran in the following order:—1. Kings; 2. Male members of the royal house; 3. Female ditto; 4. Peers, and successors to the title; 5. Members of the families of the peerage and baronetage; 6. The gentry and their families; 7. Professional men, chiefly clergymen; and 8. Females of the upper classes. The expectation of life amongst females of the upper classes was shown to be lower than that of males when young adults are included, and the duration of life amongst the higher classes of both sexes was observed to fall far short of that for the whole of England and

Wales. If the clergy, who form the large majority of the class designated "Professions," had been taken separately, they would present a still more favourable exception, for on comparing them with the remainder, it appeared that while at the period from 30 to 40 the former lose 5 per cent. by death, the latter lose no less than 13 per cent. an exception which tends greatly to lower the expectation of life for the entire class. The expectation for professional men as compared with that of females is higher at 30 and 35 years than after 85, but in the intermediate period it is in favour of females.

Mr. William Frederick Bach, Honorary Chapel-Master of the Court of Prussia, the grandson and last descendant of the celebrated Sebastian Bach, died a few days ago at Berlin, in his 90th year. The deceased had left several excellent pieces of church music of his composition.

The Rhenish papers mention a discovery, of very curious interest, that has been made in recently demolishing the ancient Church of Urbach, which dates from the earliest period of the Middle Age, and was tottering to its fall. Inclosed in the wall of the choir, which is four feet thick, has been found a marble coffin, nine feet four inches in length, and adorned with figures in relief finely executed. The opening of this coffin was a difficult operation, the joints having been covered with a cement which has acquired the hardness of the marble itself. It had, accordingly, to be broken into from the foot, and revealed an object which took the spectators by surprise—a body, clothed in the sacerdotal habit, fresh as that of a man who died but yesterday. The colour of the epidermis, firmness of the flesh, the hair, the nails—all were in the most perfect preservation. The flesh yields beneath the finger like soft wax; the limbs have kept their suppleness and flexibility; the teeth are entire, regular, and white as ivory; and the very eyes, but half closed by the eye-lid, have preserved a portion of their brightness. The dead man wears a cassock of pale blue silk, inwoven with threads of pure gold, and a linen gown, extremely fine, and trimmed with lace. These garments, worn so many hundred years, seem quite new. Round the hands, clasped on the breast, is twined a rosary of white pearls, strung on thread of gold; to which is attached a small box, in form of a medallion, made of a metal whose composition is unknown. This medallion contains, on one of its faces, the following inscription, in characters which suggest the date of the eleventh century:—"Otto Imperator Parochia Irbichiano sculptori excellentissimo"—"The Emperor Otto to the Curate of Urbach, a most excellent sculptor." On the reverse is the figure of the Good Shepherd. Being opened, the box was found to inclose a folded parchment, containing writing in letters of gold and ultramarine. The ancient text is difficult to decipher; but records that the priest in question, one of the greatest artists of his age, is the author of the wondrous sculptures, representing Scripture-subjects, on the principal front of the high altar, and that the sculptured pulpit, which was the great ornament of the church, is from his chisel. The artist-curate must have been, also, in matters unspiritual, one of the greatest men of his day. The body measures, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, seven feet eleven inches, Rhenish measure. The feet, nearly covered by the cassock, rest on a folio volume in parchment, whose first leaf displays the title:—*Chronicon Sæculi XI.*

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